

[Hervey, James]

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THE
BEAUTIES OF HERVEY:

OR

DESCRIPTIVE, PICTURESQUE AND INSTRUCTIVE
PASSAGES,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

THIS DESERVEDLY ADMIRERD AUTHOR, viz.

MEDITATIONS AMONGST THE TOMBS—REFLECTIONS ON
A FLOWER GARDEN—DESCANT ON THE CREATION—
CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT—THE STARRY HEA-
VENS—A WINTER PIECE—THE MOST IMPORTANT, IN-
TERESTING, AND PICTURESQUE PASSAGES FROM THE-
RON AND ASPASIO—LETTERS AND SERMONS—MISCEL-
LANEOUS TRACTS—RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF DAUGH-
TERS—AND—REMARKS ON LORD BOLLINGBROKE'S LET-
TERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE AND CHA-
RACTER,

WITH

AN ELEGIAC POEM ON HIS DEATH.

*Behold him walking 'midst the flowery race,
While birds melodious hail the op'ning day;
How well he paints the wond'rous works of grace,
From those of nature which the fields display!*

WILMINGTON:

PRINTED BY PETER BRYNBERG.

M,DCC,XCVII.

1797

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1871

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. There is a faint, illegible smudge or mark near the top center of the page.

1840

P R E F A C E.



THE following work contains an impartial, unprejudiced, and complete account of the late REV JAMES HERVEY, collected from all who have written concerning him ; together with a selection of the moral and descriptive beauties of his elegant, ingenious and devout writings, which have been so well received by the public in general; and continue to be read with pleasure (as doubtless they ever will be) by the serious, discerning and ingenious of all denominations. In his life and character, the reader will find several anecdotes, which are not mentioned by the editor of his Letters, but are properly authenticated by several of his intimate friends, now living, and serve to illustrate that genuine piety, humility and benevolence, for which he was so justly admired, and deservedly esteemed.

In the extracts from his works, the most pleasing picturesque, and instructive passages are selected, for the rational entertainment of persons of all ages, (as the utile dulci of the ancients was) to improve the understanding, excite to the love, and assist in the practice of virtue and true piety, arrayed in all the engaging charms a lively fancy, solid judgment and most fertile genius can imagine or describe.*

** The extracts are not placed alphabetically, but as they follow on in perusal.*

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M E M O I R S

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. JAMES HERVEY, M. A.

RECTOR OF WESTON-FAVELL, IN NORTH-
AMPTONSHIRE.

TH E Reverend Mr. James Hervey was born on Friday the 26th of February, 1713-14, at Hardingstone, a village about a mile from Northampton; his mother taught him to read, and kept him at home till he was seven years old, when he was sent as a day scholar to the free grammar school at Northampton; there he continued under the tuition of a Mr. Clarke, master of the school, and vicar of St. Sepulchre's in that parish, till he was seventeen, learning the Latin and Greek languages, in which he would have made a much earlier progress, had he not been kept back by his master, who (out of a blind pater-

nal affection and partiality) would suffer none of his scholars to learn faster than his own son.

In the year 1731 he was sent by his father to the university of Oxford, and entered a Fellow of Lincoln College, where he resided seven years, and took his degree of Batchelor of Arts*; during his continuance here, he made himself master of Dr. Keil's Anatomy, Dr. Derham's Physico and Astro-Theology, and Spectacle de la Nature, translated by Mr. Humphrey's, which last work he read with peculiar pleasure; nor was he less delighted with the Rev. Mr. Spence's Essay on Pope's Odysey, to which he often acknowledged himself greatly indebted for his improvement in stile and composition.

He entered into holy orders as soon as his age and the canons of the church would allow, and became curate to his father, who was then possessed of the living of Weston-Favell and Collingtree, near Northampton; in the year 1738, he went by invitation to Stoke Abbey, the seat of his valuable friend, Paul Orchard, Esq.† here he

* Mr. Hervey took his degree of Master of arts at Cambridge in 1752, and entered at Clarchall.

† This gentleman was the father of Paul Orchard, Esq. for whom Mr. Hervey stood sponsor, and to whom he dedicated the second volume of his Meditations.

continued above two years, greatly esteemed and respected.

In the year 1740 he undertook the curacy of Biddeford, fourteen miles from Stoke Abbey; here he had a large congregation, though the income, with the assistance of friends, did not exceed sixty pounds a year*; in this place, and very probably about this time, he planned his ingenious meditations; the first volume of which was published in February, 1745-6, and the second in December, 1747, which have been so well received by the public, that the twenty-first edition of them appeared last year.

About the year 1743 he returned from Biddeford to Weston-Favell, leaving behind him many disconsolate friends†; and continued curate to his father till June 1750, at which time, being greatly impaired in health occasioned by his constant attention to his duty‡, he removed to London to try what

* This sum, though hardly sufficient to maintain him, he enjoyed with thankfulness, and was universally beloved for his piety, humility, and diligent discharge of his duty.

† The rector dying, and the new one dismissing Mr. Hervey from the curacy (though against the consent of all the parishioners, who would have maintained him at their own expence) was the occasion of his leaving Biddeford.

‡ This, if it may be stiled a fault, few, if any of our clergy men in the present day, can be charged with.

effect a change of air and relaxation of mind would have upon him: here he staid from June, 1750, till about May, 1752, in which time he had a very severe and dangerous fit of illness; being recovered, and his father dying in this year, he returned to Weston-Favell, and succeeded him in that and the living of Collingtree, worth about one hundred and eighty pounds a year.

In November following he published, in a letter to a lady of quality, his remarks on Lord Bollingbroke's letters on the study and use of history, so far as they relate to the history of the Old Testament, and especially to the case of Noah denouncing a curse upon Canaan; the next year he published, for the benefit of a poor sick child, a sermon which he preached at the visitation of the Archdeacon of Northampton, under the title of "The Cross of Christ, the Christian's glory;" a few months afterwards he wrote a recommendatory preface to Burnham's pious memorials.

In 1755 he published his *Theron and Aspasio*, or dialogues and letters on the most important and interesting subjects, which met with great approbation from the unprejudiced and discerning, excepting those who differed in religious sentiments from Mr. Hervey, concerning the imputed righ-

teousness of Christ, of which these dialogues principally treat; especially the Reverend Mr. John Wesley, Sandeman, and a few others*.

In August 1757, Mr. Hervey published three sermons which he had preached on public fast-days, to which have been since added, his visitation sermon preached in 1753, his posthumous sermon on "the ministry of Reconciliation," and his "Considerations on the prevailing custom or fashion of visiting on Sundays;" all which evidently manifested his genuine piety, and earnest desire to promote the cause and interest of his great Lord and Master.

In this year also, he published a new edition of his favorite author, Mr. Jenk's Meditations, in two volumes, with a strong commendatory preface, shewing the use and excellency of them; but his constitution being weak, and his illness (which was of the consumptive kind, under which he had laboured for several months, with singular pa-

* The Rev. Mr. John Wesley, Sandeman, and several other persons, published letters in answer, or rather opposition to Mr. Hervey's *Theron and Aspasio*, some little time after the publication of the latter; endeavouring to prove Mr. Hervey's sentiments erroneous and unscriptural, which Mr. Hervey, together with several friends and espousers of his tenets answered. (*See a Defence of Theron and Aspasio, printed for C. Dilly in the Poultry.*)

tience and submission) increasing on him about October, 1758, gave great reason to fear his usefulness would soon be terminated, as it proved; for on the 2d of December following, in the evening, after praying with his family, he seemed to be arrested by the stroke of death, so that it was with difficulty his sister and servant got him up stairs to his own room: from this time, growing worse every day, he became sensible that his end was near. He had now frequent and violent fits of the cramp, which gave him great pain, and a heftic cough, which was so bad at night, that he could seldom lie in bed till four o'clock in the morning,* and obliged him often to get up at two.

On the 15th of this month he complained of a pain in his side, for which he was bled, at his own desire, though against the consent of his worthy friend and physician Dr. Stonhouse; who apprehended him too weak to bear it. When the surgeon came, he could scarcely perceive any pulsation, and therefore took away only four ounces of blood, intimating to those around, that the case was desperate.

The Rev. Mr. Abraham Maddocks, his

* Mr. Hervey, when in health, usually got up about six in the morning in winter, and much earlier in summer.

curate, being with him in the afternoon, Mr. Hervey spoke to him in very strong and pathetic terms of his assurance of faith, and of the love of God in Christ.* On the nineteenth the pains of his body abated, and he grew drowsy and lethargic; the next day Dr. Stonhouse came to see him, and declared, in his opinion, Mr. Hervey could not live above four days longer.†

* These were his expressions, “ O what and how much has Christ done for me, and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour! If I preached even once a week, it was at last a burden to me; I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done, and thus have preached as it were from house to house; I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ.” These expressions were accompanied with tears, which, lest they should be misinterpreted, as they had been conversing of his approaching end, and his assurance of faith, he proceeded thus:—“ Don’t think that I am afraid to die; I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour has done for me, and I want to be gone; but I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ, in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him.”—

—In another conversation, discoursing likewise of his approaching dissolution (which he always did with the utmost calmness and serenity,) and of the little which we know of God’s word, he said, “ How many precious texts are there, big with the most rich truths of Christ, which we cannot comprehend, which we know nothing of; and of those we do know, how few do we remember? A good textuary is a good divine, and that is the armour, the word of God is the sword. Those texts are the weapons which I must use, when that subtle spirit that arch-adversary of mankind, comes to tempt and sift me in my last conflict. Surely I had need be well provided with these weapons; I had need have my quiver full of them, to answer Satan with texts out of the word of God when he assaults me.”

† The Doctor happening, on this visit, to speak of the many consolations through Christ, which a good man enjoys in the

The day before his death, Mr. Hervey went a few steps across his room, but finding his strength failing him, he sunk, rather than fell down, his fall being broken by his sister, who observing his weakness ran and caught him; but he fainted away, and was to all human appearance dead, it being a considerable time before any pulse could be perceived.

When he came to himself, and his brother, Mr. William Hervey, who was come from London to visit him, said, we were afraid you was gone; he answered, "I wish I had." And well he might wish so, considering his painful and melancholy condition; for his strength was exhausted, his

prospect of death; and discoursing on the emptiness of worldly honour to an immortal, and the unprofitableness of riches to the ungodly, Mr. Hervey replied, "True, Doctor, true; the only valuable treasures are in heaven; what would it avail me now, to be archbishop of Canterbury. Disease would shew no respect to my mitre. It is godliness and not grandeur that will avail me hereafter. The gospel is offered to me, a poor country parson, the same as it is to his Grace. Christ makes no difference between us. Oh! why then do ministers thus neglect the charge of so kind a Saviour; fawn upon the great, and hunt after worldly preferments with so much eagerness, to the disgrace of our orders? These, these are the things, Doctor, and not our poverty or obscurity which render the clergy so justly contemptible to the worldlings. No wonder the service of our church, grieved-I am to say it, is become such a formal lifeless thing, since it is, alas! too generally executed by persons dead to godliness in all their conversation; whose indifferent religion and worldly minded behaviour proclaim the little regard they pay to the doctrines of the Lord who bought them."

body extremely emaciated, and his bones so sore that he could not bear any one to touch him hardly, when it was necessary to move him; yet in the midst of his sufferings, he was ever praising God, for his mercies*, and for granting him patience†.

On the 25th (Christmas day) on which he died, Mr. Maddocks paying him a morning visit, Mr. Hervey lift his head and opened his eyes, as he sat in his easy chair (for he could not lie down) to see who it was, and said, “Sir, I cannot talk with you now.”

He complained much all the day of a great inward conflict, which he had, laying his hand upon his breast, and saying, “O! you know not how great a conflict I have.” During this time he almost constantly lift his eyes towards heaven, with his hands clasped together in praying form, and said two or three times,—“When this great conflict is over, then—” but said

* He never received a bit of lemon to moisten his mouth, without thanking God for his goodness, in creating so many helps and refreshments to a sick decaying body.

† A few years before he died, when Mr. Hervey was at his brother's house in London, he had a severe fever, in which he had several blisters; on this occasion Mr. William Hervey writing to one of his intimate friends says, “My brother is indeed an example of patience; he has not spoke one single word of peevishness during his whole illness.”

no more; though we may naturally suppose he meant then he should be at rest. Dr. Stonhouse came to see him about three hours before he died. Mr. Hervey strongly and affectionately urged on him the importance and care of his everlasting concerns, as here is no abiding place; and intreated him not to be over-charged with the cares of this life, but to attend to the one thing needful.

“Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
“And which not done, the richest must be poor*.”

POPE.

The doctor seeing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke (for he was almost suffocated with phlegm and frequent vomitings) and finding by his pulse, that the pangs of death were then coming on, desired that he would spare himself: “No,” said he, “Doctor, no; you tell me I have “but a few moments to live, O! let me “spend them in adoring our great Re- “deemer.” He then repeated the 26th verse of the lxxiii Psalm; “Though my “flesh and my heart fail me, yet God is “the strength of my heart and my port- “on for ever.”

A little while after this he expatiated in

* Mr. Hervey was very fond of, and used frequently to repeat these lines with a peculiar emphasis.

a most striking manner on the 1st of Corinthians, chap. iii. ver. 22, 23. “All things are yours, life and death;—for ye are Christ’s.” “Here,” says he, “is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned among this inventory, and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I pass to the Lord and Giver of eternal life; and as it frees me from all this misery, you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit; for I know he will by and by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. Oh welcome, welcome death! thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian—To live is Christ, but to die is gain*.

Here he paused a little, and then with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, repeated those words: “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable words, for mine eyes have seen thy precious salvation†.” “Here, Doctor, is my cordial: what are all the cordials

* Philippians, i. 21.

† Luke ii. 29, 30.

“ given to support the dying in comparison of that, which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? this, this supports me.”—About three o’clock he said, “ the great conflict is over, now all is done.” After which he scarce spoke any words intelligibly, except now and then, “ precious salvation.”

During the last hour he said nothing, but leaned his head against the side of his easy chair, and in this posture, without a sigh, groan, or struggle, shut his eyes eternally on this world, and died in the Lord, between four and five o’clock in the afternoon of Christmas day, 1758, and in the forty-fifth year of his age.

When his body was conveyed to the silent chambers of the grave, it was covered by his own express desire with the poor’s pall, and he was buried under the communion table in the chancel of Weston-Favell church, on Friday, December 23th, in the presence of a numerous congregation, full of regret for the loss of so excellent a pastor: his funeral indeed was a most awful and very affecting sight. Mr. Maddocks, his curate, who buried him, was himself in tears;—some were wringing their hands, others sobbing; many were silently weep-

ing, but all were inwardly and sincerely grieved, as their looks sufficiently testified!

It may truly be said of him, that few lives have ever been more heavenly:—few deaths have ever been more triumphant:—He died in the Lord, and is now at rest, where even the wicked cease from troubling: his name is recorded in the annals of eternity, and the honours conferred on him by Christ, will for ever continue blooming and incorruptible in the world of glory.

His character, both in his public and private capacity, was of the most exemplary kind.

As a minister he performed all the duties of that office with the greatest strictness.—In the pulpit he was earnest and fervent, and shewed that he felt the efficacy of what he preached. Nor did he think it sufficient to preach on Sabbaths only, but set up a weekly lecture every Wednesday evening at Weston-Favell church. The last two or three years of his life he could scarce do any thing more than preach once on the Sabbath, when people from many miles around flocked to hear him. His Wednesday evening lecture at seven, he discontinued for the last year. He had not been able for some time to

preach at Collingtree, or to visit his parishioners at their own houses, as his custom had been; but he encouraged them to come to him, and to converse freely upon the subjects relating to their eternal interests, and on such occasions he would speak with a force and propriety peculiar to himself.

He always preached without notes, except on some very particular occasions; and his method was judicious; clear, and not encumbered with too many subdivisions. His weakness rendering him for several months before his death incapable of speaking to his congregation as usual, he shortened his discourses, and took a most useful method of inculcating his instructions; for after he had expounded his text, and divided his sermon into two heads, (rarely into more, and never exceeding three) he would speak briefly, and at the conclusion of each head enforce what he had said, by a pertinent text of scripture, desiring his congregation (which was generally very numerous) to turn to their bibles, and double down the text. "Now," added he, "my dear brethren, if you forget my sermon, you cannot forget God's word in this text, unless you wilfully throw your bibles aside. Shew these to your children, or the absent part of your family

“when you return home.”—Then he gave a striking exhortation, at the end of it another text for them to double down, so that he had always three texts; in order to their finding of which, he paused in the pulpit two or three minutes.

He endeavoured as much as possible to divest himself in his public discourses of his usual elegance of style, and to adapt his language to the lowest capacity. In this he followed the example of Luther, who in his table talk says, “If in my preaching I were
“to pay a regard to Philip Melancthon, and
“other learned divines, then I should do little good. I preach in the plainest manner to the illiterate, and that gives content to all.”

His method of catechising children in church, and of speaking to them in private, was very engaging and useful. He would ask not only such questions as were suitable to the words of the catechism, but also such as would strike at the capital vices of his parishioners, yet without giving personal offence.

Some of his parishioners having lain in bed on the Sabbath morning longer than he approved, and others having been busy in foddering their cattle when he was coming

to church, and several having frequented the alehouse, he thus catechised one of the children before the congregation:—Repeat me the fourth commandment. Now, little man, do you understand the meaning of this commandment? Yes sir.—Then if you do, you will be able to answer me these questions.—Do they keep holy the Sabbath-day who lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning instead of rising to say their prayers and read the Bible? No sir.—Do those keep the Sabbath who fodder their cattle when other people are going to church? No sir.—Does God Almighty bless such people as go to alehouses, and do not mind the instructions of their minister? No sir?—Do not those that love God read the bible to their families, particularly on Sabbath-day evening, and have prayers every morning and night in their houses? Yes sir.

He usually breakfasted at nine, after having called his family together, and required each of his servants to repeat by heart the text which he had explained the preceding evening, and then he would recapitulate his exposition; by which method both his text and commentary were imprinted on their memories: after this he had prayers.

In the afternoon when he was called down

to tea, he usually brought his Hebrew Bible or Greek Testament with him, and would speak either upon one or more verses, as occasion offered; and in the summer season he would now and then drink tea, when his health would permit him, with some of his most serious parishioners; and then five or six of the neighbours were invited; and Mr. Hervey's conversation was remarkably improving, as he had a happy talent at spiritualizing almost every incident, and was naturally of a most obliging and cheerful disposition.

In the exercise of his charity, he chose to clothe the poor rather than to give them money: and he would get some judicious person to buy linen, coarse cloth, stockings, shoes, &c. for them at the best hand: alledging that the poor could not purchase on such good terms what they wanted at the little shops, and with small sums of money. "I am, said he, God's steward for the poor, and I must husband the little pittance I have to bestow upon them, and make it go as far as possible." But when money would be really serviceable to a family, as to a prudent house-keeper, distressed by sickness or misfortunes, he would give five or more guineas at a time; taking care that it should not be known whence the money came. He was particularly desirous of getting the advice of

a physician (or at least of some judicious apothecary) for the sick poor; and was ever ready to procure them the very best medicines. He would frequently petition such physicians of his acquaintance in different parts of the kingdom, as he apprehended to be charitably disposed, to give their advice occasionally when they rode through a town, to such poor creatures, as the clergyman of the place, or some substantial inhabitant, should recommend, as real objects of compassion. He greatly disapproved of the clergy's attempting to give medicine to their parishioners; as he thought it impossible for them to do it with the requisite judgment. "Let my brethren," he would say "give them wine, bread, or beer, and get good spoon-meats made for them; but medicines are of too important a nature to be given indiscriminately." He observed that by his own method the sick poor had the very best medicines, as the physician saw them himself, and bought them very cheap; because the apothecary, knowing they were for charitable uses, charged the physician no more than prime cost, with some little allowance merely for his trouble in compounding them; and as the physician knew what diseases were curable, there was no waste of medicine in fruitless attempts to cure cases, which, though actually incurable, persons of less judgment could not pronounce to be so.

He gave away a great number of good books, with suitable instructions for their use, and especially Bibles. In the blank leaf he frequently wrote something striking, or else stuck in a printed paper, relating to the promises of God in and through Jesus Christ.

His income was but small, and it may be wondered how he managed it so well, as to have such large sums to spare for charitable uses. He sold the copy of his Meditations, after it had passed through several editions; which sale of the copy, and the profits of the former impressions, amounted to about £.700, all which he gave away in charity. He made of it a bank for the poor. "This," said he, "I have devoted to God, I will on no account apply it to any worldly uses: I write not for profit or for fame, but to serve the cause of God; and as he has blessed my attempt, I think myself bound to relieve the distresses of my fellow creatures with the profit that comes from this quarter." He has likewise left all the future profits of his works to some of the charitable uses above specified.

In any expence relating to himself, he was extremely frugal, that he might be liberal to others; and it was always his de-

fire to die just even with the world. "I will be my own executor," said he. And as he died on Christmas day, his fund expired almost with his life. What little remained, he desired might be given in warm clothing to the poor in that severe season.

To the instances of his charity we may properly add an incident which affords a very strong proof, not only of the benevolence of his heart, but of his regard to practical religion, and to the doing of every good work within his power.

A day or two before his death, when he was reduced to such extreme weakness as to be unable to read, and could with difficulty speak, a little account being settled with him by a friend, on the balance of which he received eighteen shillings, looking on the money with great indifference, he expressed himself to this effect, "I would gladly dispose of this small sum in such a manner as may do the most good; it is the only act which I now am, and probably the last that I shall be able to perform. Give yourself the trouble of looking amongst these books, and you will find Mr. Richard's pamphlet, at the latter end of which are, I remember, some hints concerning the means of promoting religion in ourselves and others, which (even with some additi-

ons and improvements, which you might easily make) will not fill more than a sheet of paper; and if stuck up or framed, might be particularly useful in that form; let then such a number of them be printed and given away as this money will admit of." His orders were properly executed, and the evidences of such an angelic temper were equally matter of edification and comfort to his friends, as this charitable legacy (if we may so call it) will be to all who receive and rightly use it.

This incident, it is to be hoped, will be candidly considered by those who draw such inferences from his favourite doctrine, and strong expressions of the all-sufficient righteousness of Christ, as his whole life did in the most exemplary manner confute. No man had ever a greater disregard for money, which he esteemed unworthy of his notice, upon any other account than as it furnished him with the means of doing good. Surely we may here borrow the sentiment and expression of our celebrated poet, and justly conclude, that,

"He felt his ruling passion strong in death."

In learning he was inferior to few. Greek was almost as familiar to him as his native language. He was a great master of the

classics; and in the younger part of his life had written some verses, which shewed no contemptible genius for poetry. He had a critical knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, and delighted in it.

With respect to his private capacity, he was never known to be in a passion. No worldly concerns (though he sometimes met with very trying ones) ever effected him. His humility rendered him invulnerable. When he was misrepresented and calumniated, he would say, "Our enemies are sometimes our best friends, and tell us truths; and then we should amend our faults, and be thankful for such information; and if what they say be not true, and only spoke through malice, then such persons are to be considered as diseased in their minds, and we ought to pray for them. They are to be pitied," says he, "and I might as justly be angry with a man that is diseased in his body." In his ordinary transactions, with others, he was ever cheerful, punctual, just, and candid, to persons of every denomination.

Yet notwithstanding these irrefragable proofs, that Mr. Hervey's opinions (even supposing some of them in their remote consequences, were not altogether defensible) had no pernicious influence on so excellent

a mind ; it is but justice to add, that he guards against the abuses of the Antinomians, though he has himself been branded with that odious name.—Nay, some of his enemies have not scrupled to assert, “ That his tenets were dishonourable to God, subversive of all gospel-holiness, and destructive even of common morality, and very injurious to society itself, by making men melancholy and regardless of business.”

These were the very words of an abusive and anonymous letter, sent to him by the post ; on which that meek and excellent man observed to an intimate friend, with all his usual mildness, “ Indeed this gentleman may be said, I think, to write at random.—Surely he has never read my works ; if I knew where to direct to him, I should desire him to turn to what I have advanced, page 124, in the second volume of my Meditations, and such a reply, I would hope, might convince him of his mistake.”

Whatever vein of Calvinism runs through his writings, yet the weakening the obligations to purity and holiness of life, were the farthest imaginable from his view : and when persons of judgment have pointed out to him such expressions as were liable to be misunderstood in that respect, he always disavowed any such meaning, affirmed, that the

liberality of spirit, humility, and benevolence to mankind in general, which so evidently appeared in his publications. But as I find him portrayed in a late treatise,* in far more lively colours, and characterized in much better language than I would flatter myself master of, permit me to extract it, for the entertainment, satisfaction, and benefit of my serious readers.

“ A more diligent, distinguished and successful labourer in the church of Christ, has perhaps seldom appeared; and in few characters was there ever a more happy conjunction of the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian. The upright heart, the deep humility, under all his attainments, the warmest love to mankind in endeavours to promote their best interests, the most zealous attachments to truth, the noblest defence, as well as the daily practice of evangelical holiness, the utmost serenity of mind under the most grievous afflictions, and a perfect resignation to the will of his heavenly Father, are a few of the outlines of his character, and justly represent him to have been a burning and shining light to the world. As a *burning* light, he warmed many by his example, and as a *shining* light, he instructed many by his doctrine;

he was a strenuous assertor of the free grace of God, taught men to be rich in good works, without placing the least dependence upon them; the Saviour was all in all to him, and a Redeemer's unsearchable riches it was his business and delight to publish. To bring sinners to Christ, as needy beggars to buy wine and milk, without money and without price, was the constant aim of all his public ministrations as well as elegant writings; and it hath pleased God to make both remarkably successful, and him an instrument of turning many from the service of Satan to the living God. Oh, that they may become more and more so; and that many may be led by the spirit of all grace, to follow his steps, and go and do likewise !*

When at school, Mr. Hervey was always remarked for genius and parts: and he there laid the foundation of that knowledge which has since gained him such universal esteem. Until the year 1733, however, when he became acquainted with some persons distinguished for their serious impressions of religion and zeal for its promotion, he seems to have been (as in the phrase)

* The writer of this account appears to be not only a great admirer of Mr. Hervey, but a zealous advocate for his religious sentiments, as well as a sincere well wisher to the cause, and no indifferent scholar in the school of Christ, himself.

a *moral* man only. Some of his letters that are written from college, when he was not more than twenty, either speak a language very different from free grace, for which he was afterwards so powerful an advocate, or at least treat very confusedly of it. But be this as it may, the obscurity did not long continue: the Holy spirit soon opened his eyes to see the salvation of God. By the eye of faith he obtained and enjoyed clear views of it. He was able to act faith upon it: for his faith worked by love. The love of God was the glorious theme on which he dwelt; and the love of Christ his delightful song in this the house of his pilgrimage. This heart-felt love to God and Christ, appeared in every part of his after conduct; as a minister, his faith wrought by love to the souls of men*; watching over his flock with peculiar care and assiduity; privately exhorting, and publicly calling and inviting them, with all the earnestness of a faithful ambassador of Jesus Christ, that they would turn and live:—as the master of a family, in the care of the souls of his domestics; in their reproof, instruction, and government; as a member of society, in good works to his neighbour; in charities to the poor, a-

* Though the term *faith* is frequently mentioned here, the tautology, it is hoped, will not be disgusting, as it could not properly be avoided.

bundant;* clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; informing the young, and supporting the aged; in zeal for the salvation of all, fervent; desirous to be of some good to every person, and in every company, and of great good in many; a proof of which was the exemplary lives of such persons, their circumspect behaviour, and, in several instances, eminent piety:—as a private Christian, he was under the influence of the same faith working by love to the will of God. He walked close after Christ, and was himself a striking proof, that the belief of Christ's righteousness being imputed to him for his justification, was so far from a licentious doctrine, that it inspired him with the noblest motives to a grateful obedience;† and his holy life was, in truth, the strongest recommendation of his principles. God had enriched him with great humility, as well as great gifts and graces. He was humbled by the power of grace. He had been a very vain, proud young man; but this emptied him of pride

* His charity and benevolence to the poor and needy was truly exemplary, and deserving universal imitation, wherever God has given abilities and opportunity to exert it; a friend of Mr. Harvey's observes, his liberality was so diffusive, that he defiles what would de-

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and self; and this clothed him with humility.—In his studies, the same principles of faith, working by love, was manifest: all was directed to the glory of God; all aimed at the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom: “Nulla dies sine linea; nulla epistola sine Christo,” was his motto.* *Classical* learning, for which he had a refined taste, and *heathen* authors, were in his latter years dropped, to make way for the more important study of the *sacred scriptures*.† These were his delight, and sweeter to him than the honey or the honeycomb. They will be so to every one who reads them, as he did, with faith: for they are the power of God, and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

From these particulars, then, a judgment may be formed of this eminent character; but still more from the last scenes of life, and the glorious triumphs of his faith, in the hour of death. Its preciousness, indeed, never more appeared than at that time, by it he saw and apprehended the salvation of God, and rejoiced in the clearest views of his own interest in it. At this season,

when, as he himself writes, "little, bodily rest, could be got, and medicines gave no relief, the never failing cordial of the love of Christ was felt :

"Religion bears my spirits up :

A faithful and unchanging God

Lays the foundation for my hope

In oaths, in promises, and

Of his sentiments in

following extract from

will give the fullest

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“I think then, dear sir, that we are extremely mistaken, and sustain a mighty loss in our most important interests, by reading so much, and praying so little. Was I to enjoy Hezekiah’s grant, and have fifteen years added to my life, I would be much more frequent in my applications to the throne of grace. I have read of a man who would often retire to his closet, and was remarkable for his frequency of prayer; being asked the reason of this behaviour, he answered, I must die. I feel the weight of sin, and the weight of this world, and I must die.”

and devote my attention to the *scriptures* of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my divine master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. This wisdom, whose fruits are peace in life, consolation in death, and everlasting salvation after death; this I would trace, this I would seek, this I would explore, through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testament. In short, I would adopt the apostle's resolution, and give myself to prayer and to the word.

“ With regard to my public ministry, my chief aim should be, to beget in my people's minds a deep sense of their depraved, guilty, undone condition; and a clear believing conviction of the all-sufficiency of Christ, his blood, his righteousness, his intercession, and his spirit to save them even to the uttermost. I would always observe to labour for them in my closet, as well as in the pulpit; and wrestle in secret supplication, as well as exert myself in public preaching, for their spiritual and eternal welfare. For unless God takes this work into his own hand, what mortal is sufficient for these things?

“ Now, perhaps, if you sat at my right hand, you would ask, What is my hope

with regard to my future and immortal state? truly my hope, my whole hope, is in the Lord Redeemer; should the king of terrors threaten, I fly to the wounds of the slaughtered Lamb, as the trembling dove to the clefts of the rocks. Should Satan accuse, I plead the surety of the covenant, who took my guilt upon himself, and bore my sins in his own body on the tree. Should the law denounce a curse, I appeal to him who hung on the accursed tree, on purpose that all the nations of the earth might be blessed. Should hell open its jaws, and demand its prey, I look up to that gracious Being, who says, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom,*" should it be said, no unclean thing can enter into heaven, my answer is, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.†" Though my sins be as scarlet, through this blood they shall be as white as snow, should it be added, none can sit down at the supper of the Lamb without a wedding garment; and your righteousnesses, what are they before the pure law and piercing eye of God, but filthy rags? these I renounce, and seek to be found in Christ Jesus. It is written in the word that is to judge the world at the last day, "By his obedience shall many be made righteous."‡

* Job xxxiii, 24. † 1 John i. 7. ‡ Rom v. 19.

“ So that Jesus, the dear and adorable Jesus, is all my trust. His merits are my staff, when I pass through the valley of the shadow death. His merits are my anchor, when I launch into the boundless ocean of eternity. His merits are the only riches which my poor soul, when stripped of its body, desires to carry into the invisible world. If the God of glory pleases to take notice of any mean endeavours to honour his holy name, it will be infinite condescension and grace; but his Son, his righteous and suffering Son, is all my hope, and all my salvation.”*

Thus far my author, from whom we may learn that Mr. Hervey, both living and dying, was a zealous advocate for the religion of Jesus, and a faithful follower of the Lamb, till he was called away by his great Lord and Master, to receive, in the mansions of eternal bliss, that crown of life which shall never fade, reserved for those alone who are faithful to the death.

But as it is often observed, and it may be with no little propriety, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works, which can scarce ever fail of receiving a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, senti-

ments and conversation; the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion and most favourite tenets, at least will in them appear undisguised: on this account permit me, reader, to examine impartially, and both for your entertainment and instruction, present you with an original portrait of the late Rev. Mr. Hervey, faithfully drawn in genuine extracts from his different publications.

Among his letters to his friends, the following, written to the inhabitants of Collingtree, near Northampton, expresses his character of a true minister of Christ, how far he answered the description, and resembled the portrait; they who were most intimate with him, and attended on his ministry, best can tell.*

“ A minister is a person of the greatest importance imaginable; his office is of the most universal concernment, and his demeanour therein of the most beneficial and prejudicial tendency; *beneficial*, if he be able,

* The author of this treatise has conversed with several persons who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Hervey, and attended on his ministry, who all join in acknowledging he not only wrote what it was to be a faithful minister of Christ; but truly filled up the character of one himself, to the admiration and esteem of thousands; his sermons were judicious, evangelical, and convincing; his delivery was affectionate, pathetic, and evengelic, and his whole deportment and behaviour spoke him both the Christian and the gentleman.

faithful, and watches for the souls committed to his care, as one that must give an account; *prejudicial*, if he be unskilful, unactive, and unconcerned about the spiritual welfare of his people. The things that pertain to salvation, and the means of obtaining everlasting life, are lodged in his hands. He is the steward of the mysteries of Christ, and so the guardian (under divine grace) of your best and most abiding interests. If through ignorance he mismanage, or through idleness neglect this weighty trust, it may be the ruin of immortal souls: whereas, if he be both discreet and diligent in his holy vocation, he may be the instrument of the richest benefits to those committed to his charge. His praying to God, and his preaching to them, may be attended with such a blessing from on high, as will fill them with heavenly wisdom, form them to true holiness, and fit them for the future glory. Benefits these not inconsiderable or momentary, but such as are great beyond all expression, and lasting to eternity.—A faithful minister of the everlasting gospel has a tolerable stock of knowledge. Though not enough to explain all mysteries, or to answer every perplexing question; yet sufficient to make himself and his hearers wise unto salvation. He may be ignorant of many things without much disparagement to himself, or pre-

judice to his people; but he must be acquainted with, and able to teach others all that is necessary for them to know.—Secondly, He has not only some understanding, but some experience also in the ways of godliness. He has learnt to subdue, in some measure, the pride of his nature, and to be humble in his own eyes, and not fond of applause from others. He has broke the impetuosity of his passion, and generally possesses his soul in patience; or if upon some very ungrateful and provoking usage, he cannot calm his temper, yet he can curb his tongue; and though his spirit be ruffled, yet his words will be gentle. He is most commonly meek, after the manner of his blessed Master, and will always return blessing for cursing, according to his holy command. He has often looked into the shortness of time, and the length of eternity; he has weighed the greatness and richness of heaven, with the insignificant and despicable meanness of earth; and discovers such a mighty difference, as helps him to live above the world, even while he is in it. So that he is no lover of filthy lucre, no hunter of carnal pleasures; but his hopes, his desires, and all his views of happiness are hid with Christ in God. He is courteous and condescending, and will stoop with the utmost cheerfulness to the lowest person in his parish. He will be affable and kind,

and seek to please, not himself, but his neighbours, for their good to edification. But you must not expect to find him trifling or ludicrous; he will not preach to you on the Sunday, and play with you on the week-days, but carry the spirit of his sermons into his ordinary conversation. He will maintain an uniform gravity of behaviour, without suffering it to be frozen into moroseness, or thawed into levity. He will love his parishioners, not for their agreeable persons or amiable qualities, but because they are redeemed by the blood of Christ. It will be his business and constant endeavour, I had almost said his meat and drink, to set forward their salvation. That by their being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, his crucified Lord may see of the travel of his soul, and be satisfied. He will never forget the importunate request of his Saviour, but those winning and commanding words, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs" will be engraven upon the tables of his heart. To fulfil this earnest request and execute this last charge of his dearest Redeemer, will be the fixed and invariable scope of all his designs. If at any time he hits this desirable mark, by bringing home to the fold any that have gone astray, he will be as glad as one that findeth great spoils.—To see the people of his care persisting in profaneness, sensua-

lity, and an unconverted state, will be the greatest grief that he feels: but to see his children walking in the truth, mortifying their evil affections, and growing up in goodness as the calves of the stall, this will be his joy, and crown of rejoicing, better to him than thousands of silver and gold. It is his work to win souls, and by the former of these qualifications, he is fitted for it, by the latter he is wholly devoted to it. And in order to prosecute it with the greater success, he will, first, take heed to himself, that his life be a fair and beautiful transcript of his doctrine, such as may remind men of, and be daily reinforcing his instructions. He will not bind the yoke upon your shoulders till he has wore it himself; and should the paths of religion prove ever so thorny, he will go first and beat the way. As far as human infirmities permit, he will strive to be unblamable and unreprouable, that he may renew the apostle's challenge, Be ye followers of me, even as I am of Christ. Secondly, his preaching will be plain; full of such useful sense as may be edifying to the better learned, and yet delivered in so easy a manner, as may be intelligible to the ignorant. It will not only be plain, but powerful also, if preceding prayers and tears, if words coming warm from the heart, and accompanied with an ardent desire of being attended to; if to feel himself what he speaks, and

so long that it may be felt by others, can make it such, he will declare the whole will of God, without withholding or mincing any. Be the truth ever so disagreeable, contrary to your profits, or contrary to your pleasures, you will be sure to hear it. He will indeed shew it in as lovely a light, and make it as palatable as he can, but nothing will prevail upon him to conceal or disguise it. Thirdly, he will not confine his teaching to God's day or house, but will exercise his care of you every day, and will bring it home to your own houses, whether you invite him or no. He will frequently visit you, and for the same end as he meets you at church. Now, shall you like this part of his duty; or bid him welcome when he comes on such an errand? nay, he will think himself bound to proceed farther, and to enquire into the state of your souls, and your proceedings in your families; whether you are competently furnished with saving knowledge? and are careful to increase it daily, by allowing a daily portion of your time for reading the scriptures? what virtues you are deficient in, what vices you are subject to? what evil tempers, what vile affections, what unruly passions, are predominant in you, and want to be suppressed? whether your children are catechised, and your servants instructed? whether you are constant in fa-

mily worship, and at your closet devotions? how you spend the Sabbath? whether you squander it away in impertinent visits, idle chat, or foolish jesting; or in holy discourse, reading and meditation? These, and other points of the like nature, he will examine into, and exhort you to amend what is amiss, no less than encourage you to persevere in that which is good. Nor will he exhort you once or twice only, but again and again, and hardly leave off till he has won your consent. In things that relate to himself, he will be easily said nay; but when the great God insists upon obedience, and a blessed immortality will be lost by disobedience, he will be instant in season, and out of season, he will solicit with unwearied applications the important cause, and press you to perform your duty, as the poor widow importuned the unjust judge to avenge her of her adversary; he will add to his exhortations, reproofs: his eyes will be open, and his ears attentive to what passes in his parish; and when any one walks disorderly, he will meet with him as Elijah did Ahab,* with a rebuke in his mouth. This I can promise, that he will not rail at, nor accost you with reproachful words; but he will certainly set before you the things that you have done. He will not defame you behind your backs,

but whether you be rich or poor, whether you be pleased with it or not, he will bear in mind the commandment of the Lord, and “ shew his people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.*” He will tell you with tenderness, but yet with plainness, that such courses are a sad and too sure a proof, that grace has not had its proper work on your souls, that ye are carnal, and have not the spirit of Christ. So that a true minister of the gospel will be a constant inspector of your actions; a faithful monitor of your duty, and an impartial reprover of your offences. He will guide you by his council, animate you by his example, and bless you by his prayers.”

In another letter, entitled “ the Hope of Glory, a strong incitement to duty,” Mr. Hervey breaks out in the following expressions, which seem to be the real language of his heart, and the pious breathings of a soul filled with love to God, and fervent zeal to promote his cause, interest and glory in the world.

“ Oh that ministers may work for their dying Lord, while they have health; remembering that sickness may confine them to their chamber, and death will imprison

* Isaiah lviii. 1.

them in the grave. God Almighty give us courage that we may fight the good fight of faith and prudence; that we may not dishonour our high calling; ere long eternity will receive us; and then we shall rest from our labours, and forget our transient toils, amidst innumerable ages of perfection, glory, and joy."

The high esteem he had for, and the pleasure he experienced in the work of the ministry, may be gathered from the ensuing passages in a letter he wrote to one of his friends, on his taking up the sacred character of an Ambassador of the King of Kings.

"I heartily congratulate you, my dear friend, my dear *brother*, I must call you now, on this change. And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, that he hath counted you faithful, putting you into the ministry.—How honourable is your new office, to be an envoy from the King of Heaven! how delightful your province, to be continually conversant in the glorious truths of the gospel, and the unsearchable riches of Christ! how truly gainful your business, to win souls! This is indeed an everlasting possession.—And how illustrious the reward, promised to your faithful service! when the chief shepherd shall appear, you shall receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not a-

way. May we clearly discern, and never forget what a master we serve; so glorious, that all the angels of light adore him: so gracious, that he spilt his blood even for his enemies: so mighty that he has all power in heaven and earth, so faithful, that heaven and earth may pass away, much sooner than one jot or tittle of his word fail. And what is his word, what his engagement to his ministers? **LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.** I write it in capitals, because I wish it may be written in your heart.—Go forth my dear friend, in the strength of this word: and verily you shall not be confounded. Plead with your great Lord, plead for the accomplishment of this word, and the gospel shall prosper in your hand. In every exercise of your ministerial duty, act an humble faith on this wonderful word, and the heart of stone shall feel the powers of hell fall.—Remember you are now a minister of God, that your tongue is to be a well of life: you are to believe in Christ, daily to cherish your faith in Jesus, that out of your heart may flow rivers of living waters. Such tides of heavenly and healing truths as may refresh the fainting soul, and animate its feeble graces.”

Mr. Hervey's zeal in publishing the glad tidings of salvation, and maintaining the doctrine of an “imputed righteousness,” by

the man Christ Jesus, is fully discovered in most of the sermons he printed, many of the letters he wrote to his friends, but more especially in his dialogues, entitled, "Theron and Aspasio;" of the *latter*, the ensuing extracts may suffice as a specimen; while they evidently display the elegance of his diction, the piety of his heart, and the strength of his arguments.*

* In the ensuing extracts, great care has been taken to select, not merely the most pleasing and picturesque parts of the dialogues (though that has been attended to,) but the substance and force of Mr. Hervey's arguments for "imputed righteousness," leaving the reader to judge of them as he sees fit.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF

HERVEY.

COLLOQUIAL BEAUTIES,

EXTRACTED FROM

THERON AND ASPASIO.

Theron. **T**HE notion of a substituted and vicarious righteousness, is absurd even to common sense, and to the most natural and easy reflections of men.*

Aspasio. It may not, my dear friend, a-

* Theron is a private gentleman of fortune and education, who disbelieves the doctrine of imputed righteousness; Aspasio is a clergyman, and an intimate friend of Theron's, who, not only believes, but endeavours by every argument he can suggest, to bring him to embrace the same doctrine.

gree with our natural apprehensions; nor fall in with the method which we might have devised for the salvation of mankind. But this is the voice of scripture, and a maxim never to be forgotten;—"God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways."*

This notion, you say, is absurd even to common sense.—A saying upon which I must beg leave to put a query. It was, I own, absolutely beyond the power of common sense, unassisted by divine revelation, to discover this truth.—I will grant farther, that his blessing infinitely transcends whatever common-sense has observed in all her converse with finite things;—but if I have the least acquaintance with common sense, I am persuaded, she *will* not, she *cannot* pronounce it an absurdity.

To this judge I refer the cause.

And to open the cause a little, let me just observe; that God imputed *our* sins to his *Son*. Why else is it said? that, at his second coming he should appear *without* sin.† Plainly implying, that at his *first* coming, he appeared *with* sin; not indeed *committed* by him, but *laid* upon him, or imputed to him.

* Isaiah, lv. 8.

† Hebrews, ix. 28.

How else could the immaculate Jesus be punished as the most inexcusable transgressor? “Awake, O sword, against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts.*” —Is not this the voice of a judge, pronouncing the sentence, and authorising the execution? or rather, does it not describe the action of justice, turning the sword from us, and sheathing it in Christ?

If Christ, then, was our substitute, with regard to penal suffering, why may he not stand in the same relation, with regard to justifying obedience? there is the same reason for the one, as for the other. Every argument in favour of the former, is equally conclusive in behalf of the latter.

Theron. I freely grant, that Christ was punished in our stead; that his death is the expiation of our sin, and our security from penal suffering. But this——

Aspasio. ——Will undeniably prove, that sin was imputed to him, otherwise he could not truly suffer in our stead, nor be justly punished at all. “And imputation is as reasonable and justifiable in one case, as in the other; for they both stand upon one and the same foot, and for that reason, he who

* Zachariah, xiii. 7.

throws down one, throws down both.”—I should by no means have interrupted my Theron, were it not to introduce this answer from an eminent divine, who adds, what should be very seriously considered: “and therefore, whoever rejects the doctrine of the imputation of our Saviour’s righteousness to man, does by so doing, reject the imputation of man’s sin to our Saviour, and all the consequences of it. Or in other words, he who rejects the doctrine of the imputation does, by so doing, reject the doctrine of the *expiation* likewise.”

Theron. I know nothing of this Divine, and, eminent as he is, can hardly take his *ipse dixit*.”

Aspasio. I was in hopes you would pay the greater regard to his opinion, because he is not in the number of the whimsical fanatics.—However, “say I these things as a man,” or on man’s authority alone? “faith not the law the same also?” speaking of the peace-offering, the Holy Ghost has declared; “if any of the flesh of the sacrifice of his peace-offerings be eaten at all on the third day, it shall not be accepted, neither shall it be imputed unto him that offereth it.” Hence we learn, that sacrifices and offerings, when duly administered, were imputed to the offerer; imputed

to him for reconciliation and peace with God. And wherefore? because they were figures of Christ, of his attonement and righteousness; which, in like manner, are imputed to sinners for their pardon and salvation.

Lest you should think this proof being deduced from *typical* usages, not sufficiently conclusive—I would farther observe, that the imputation of Christ's righteousness bears an evident analogy to another great and acknowledged truth of religion. We did not personally commit Adam's sin, yet are we chargeable with guilt, and liable to condemnation*, on that——

Theron. How! we chargeable with guilt, and liable to condemnation, on account of Adam's transgression! this an acknowledged truth? No; it is a position I must deny, I had almost said, which I cannot but abhor. None other could, in the eye of justice and equity, be blamable for any offence of our first parents, but they only.

Aspasio. So says Theron; but what says St. Paul? Your's may be the voice of natural reason, but what is the language of divine revelation? in whom, that is in "Adam all have sinned."†

* Romans, v. 12, 13.

† Ibid. v. 12.

Iheron. The words, if I remember right, are—"for all that have sinned." Is it possible that *Aspasio* should forge the hand, or counterfeit the seal of the Holy Ghost, in order to establish a favourite notion?

Aspasio. Impossible I hope.—In the margin, the words are translated as I have repeated.

In these words, the apostle assigns a reason for the preceding assertion, "by one man's sin, death came upon all."—It might be replied, is not this strange? is not this unaccountable? No; says our sacred disputant; we account for it on this principle, because "all have sinned."

This doctrine, that we all died in Adam, and were undone by his apostacy, cannot puzzle the simplest, if *unprejudiced*, mind; nor will it offend any, but the proud philosopher, or the self-righteous moralist. And I assure you, I should not mention it, much less insist upon it, did it not subserve (and in a very singular manner) the purposes of *edification*. The doctrine of a Redeemer, obeying and dying in our stead, is the very hinge and centre of all evangelical revelations; is the very life and soul of all evangelical blessings. This doctrine is not a little

illustrated, and comes very much recommended by the imputation of Adam's sin.*

Contraries, you know, cast light upon, and set off each other. Winter and its severe cold, make spring and its cheering warmth, more sensibly perceived; and more highly pleasing. Such an influence has the present subject, with respect to the vicarious obedience of our Mediator. The more clearly we see the *reality* of the first, the more thoroughly we shall discern the expediency, the excellency, and the glory of the last, the more we are humbled under conviction of the former; the more we shall court, or the more we shall triumph in the enjoyment of the latter†. The apostle draws a long parallel, or rather forms a strong contrast between them, in the fifth chapter to the *Romans*. He speaks copiously of Adam's guilt, imputed to all mankind for condemnation and death, that he may speak the more acceptably, the more charmingly of Christ's righteousness, imputed to all believers for justification and life. In that *dark*

* Romans, v. 15.

† If the sinner is convinced of his liability or obnoxiousness to eternal punishment, from the guilt of Adam's sin descending by generation upon him, as upon all mankind, the death of Christ as a sufficient atonement for *original* as well as *actual* transgression, will appear the more valuable, and accordingly be more highly prized.

ground, he well knew this fairest, loveliest flower of christianity appears with *peculiar beauty*, indeed with all the beauty of consummate wisdom, and adorable benignity.

Theron. It really seems to me a thing *impossible*, that one man's righteousness should be made another's. Can one man live by the soul of another? or be learned by the learning of another? Good Aspasio, never attempt to maintain such palpable absurdities. They will only expose christianity to the scorn of infidels.

Aspasio. If infidels scoff at this comfortable truth, their scoffing will be like their other cavils, not the *voice* of reason, but the clamour of prejudice.

My friend's objection insinuates what we never assert: that the righteousness of Christ is *transfused* into believers, which would, doubtless, be in fact, impossible, as it is in theory absurd. But this we disavow, as strenuously as you can oppose. The Redeemer's righteousness is made ours, not by *infusion*, but by *imputation*. The very terms we use may acquit us from such a ridiculous charge; as imputation signifies, "a placing to the account of one what is done or suffered by another," Accordingly we believe, that the righteousness which justifies abides

in Christ, but is placed to our account : that Christ, and Christ alone, actually performed it : that Christ, and Christ alone, personally possesses it : but that performing it in our stead, and possessing it as our covenant-head, God imputes it to us. God accepts us for it—accepts us as much, as if we had, on our own behalf, and in our persons, severely fulfilled it.

Though one man cannot live, be actuated with a principle of life; *by the soul* of another; yet you must allow, that one man, nay, that many men may live, be continued in the possession of life, for the righteousness of another : or else you must do what I am sure you abhor.—You must charge with absurdity and impossibility, even the declaration of Jehovah himself; “If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then will I spare all the place for their sakes*.” When your worthy minister was disabled, by a rheumatic disorder, from attending on the business of his function, several of the neighbouring clergy gave him their assistance : was he not by this *vicarious* performance of his office, *intituled* to all the profits of his living ? It seems therefore, not so unexampled a thing, for one person to act in another’s stead. And when a service is thus discharged by the

* Genesis, xviii. 26.

proxy, the benefit may, according to the received maxims of mankind, accrue to the *principal*.

Did not Jehu's descendants, even to the fourth generation, reap the advantage of their great-grandfather's zeal†? does not the Duke of —— enjoy the honours and rewards won by the sword of a victorious ancestor? and may not the whole world of believers, with equal, with far greater justice, receive life and salvation on account of their all-deserving Saviour? — especially since he and they are one *mystical* body, represented as such in scripture, and considered as such by God.

No, say you: “this is contrary to the rules of distributive justice.” — What is your idea of a *surety*? how was the affair stated, and how were matters negociated, with relation to your generous acquaintance Philander? he, you know, was bound for an unfortunate brother who lately stepped aside.

Theron. The debt, by his brother's absconding, devolved upon Philander. He was responsible for all, and obliged to pay the whole sum.

† 2 Kings, x. 26.

Aspasio. Was not his payment as satisfactory to the creditor, as if the money had been paid in the debtor's own person, by the debtor's own hand?

Theron. Certainly,

Aspasio. Was not the debtor by this vicarious payment, released from all fear of prosecution, and acquitted from any future demand on this score?

Theron. He was.

Aspasio. Apply this instance to the redemption of sinner's by Jesus Christ, who is in the sacred writings expressly stiled a surety*.—If Philander's act was deemed, in the estimation of law, the act of his brother; if the deed of the former was imputed, in point of advantage, entirely to the latter, why should not the same effects take place, with regard to the divine bondsman, and poor insolvent sinners? why should that be exploded in our system of divinity, which is universally admitted in our courts of justice?

Theron. Obedience and righteousness are, in the nature of the things themselves, *personal* qualities, and *only* so. Every man

* Hebrews, vii. 22.

is that only (and can be nothing else) which he is in himself.

Assasio. Righteousness, as *dwelling* in us, is undoubtedly a personal quality. Obedience, as *performed* by us, comes under the same denomination. But does this supercede the necessity, or destroy the existence of *imputed* righteousness?—Your first proposition is ambiguous. Let it speak distinctly; add inherent to your righteousness, and the sense becomes determinate, but the argument falls to the ground.

“Every man is that only (and can be nothing else) which he is in himself.”—if I had never seen the Bible, I should have yielded my ready assent to his proposition. But when I open the Old Testament, and find it written by the prophet; “In the Lord shall all the house of Israel be justified*.” When I turn to the New Testament, and hear the apostle saying, “ye are complete in him, who is the head of all principalities and powers†:” I cannot concur with Theron, without contradicting the revelation. Israel, or the true believer, is said to be justified; and the foundation of this blessing is declared to be, not in *himself*, but in the Lord. The Colossians are said to be complete, which,

* Isaiah, xlv. 25,

† Colossians, ii. 10.

we are very certain they were not in themselves; and are expressly assured they were so in Christ. Hence it appears quite contrary to my friend's assertion, that sinners both *have* and *are* that in Christ, which they neither have nor are in themselves. They have, by imputation a *righteousness* in Christ; they are, by this imputed righteousness, *complete* before God.

I believe your mistake proceeds from neglecting to distinguish between inherent and imputed.—We never suppose that a profane person is devout, or an intemperate person sober. To live soberly and act devoutly is *inherent* righteousness. But we maintain, that the profane and intemperate, being convinced of their iniquity, and betaking themselves to the all-sufficient Saviour for redemption, are interested in the merit both of his life and of his death.—This is *imputed* righteousness——We farther affirm, that though criminal in themselves, they are made righteous in Christ, and are accepted by God for his beloved Son's sake. This is *justification*, though imputed righteousness.

Neither is this a precarious or unwarrantable opinion, but the clear and positive declaration of scripture. *He justifieth*, he absolves from guilt, he treats us as righteous.

Whom? upright, obedient, sinless creatures; this were nothing extraordinary—no; but “he justifieth the ungodly that believe in the Lord Jesus,”* imputing, as the ground of this justification, *their* trespasses to him, and *his* righteousness to them; this is divinely gracious indeed!†

I am persuaded that multitudes in the gay and licentious world are held fast in the *fatal* snare of sin and carnal security, by their ignorance of this sweet, alluring, consolatory truth: they find themselves deeply obnoxious to divine justice, and feel themselves strongly bound with the chains of sensuality. They think it is impossible to clear the enormous score of their guilt, impossible to deliver themselves from the confirmed dominion of sin. Therefore, like desperate debtors, they stifle every serious thought, least a consciousness of their long arrears, and a prospect of the dreadful reckoning should torment them before the time‡. But if they were informed, that the infinitely merciful Son of God has undertaken to redeem such undone and helpless sinners: That he has thoroughly expiated the most horrid transgressions, and procured, even for ungodly

* Romans, iv. 5, † Cor. v. 19, 21.

‡ Mat. viii. 29.

wretches, all the needful supplies of strengthening grace.—That instead of being prohibited, they are invited to partake of these unspeakable blessings.—I say were they acquainted with these glad tidings of the gospel, their chains, which now are like steel and adamant, would become like a thread of tow, when it toucheth the fire*.

Yes, my friend, these truths, if once revealed and received in their hearts, would be an infallible method to make them free †.

God the father is well pleased with this righteousness of our Redeemer. He expresses his complacency by the most emphatical words: behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth, viz. in Christ and his righteousness. God is not only pleased, but delighted: his very soul, every perfection of the godhead, with ineffable satisfaction, rests and acquiesces in them. Our Lord Jesus Christ is well pleased. He esteems it his honour to shine forth as the everlasting righteousness of his people. It is the brightest jewel of his mediatorial crown.

In this he sees the travel of his soul, and is satisfied ‡; accounting himself fully recom-

* Judges, xvi. 9.

† John, viii. 32.

‡ Isaiah, liii. 12.

penſed for all the labours of his life, and all the ſorrows of his death, when ſinners are waſhed from their guilt in his blood, and preſented faultleſs by his obedience.

The holy Spirit is equally pleaſed with this great tranſaction, and its matchleſs effects; it is his peculiar office and favourite employ to convince the world of the fullneſs and efficacy of their Saviour's righteouſneſs.

Since then this method of acceptance and ſalvation is excellent and glorious in the eyes of the adorable Trinity—ſince it magnifies the law, and yields the moſt exalted honours to its divine Author—ſince it makes ample provision for the holineſs of a corrupt, and the happineſs of a ruined world, why ſhould my friend any longer diſlike it, oppoſe it, or treat it with a cold indifference?

Surely all theſe grand recommendations are enough to over-rule any little objections, which may ariſe from the ſuſpicions of timidity, or be ſtarted by the artifices of ſophiſtry and cunning.

It is very probable I may meet with afflictions; death in my family, or diſeaſe in my perſon; diſappointments may frustrate my deſigns; Providence may wear a frowning aſpect; as though the Lord had a con-

troverſy with his ſinful creature, and was cauſing him to poſſeſs the iniquities of his youth ; and what will be ſufficient to ſupport and cheer in ſuch a gloomy hour ? nothing but the “ righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt.”

Nothing is ſovereign to clam our fears, and remove all apprehenſions of the Divine wrath, or to draw the curtains of horror from around our ſick beds, and throw our languishing eye-lids off the gloom of the ſhadow of death, as a believing improvement of the imputed righteouſneſs of our dear Redeemer : this clears up the mournful ſcene, and takes away the ſting of tribulation and diſtreſs.

Attending to this great propitiation, the ſufferer ſees his ſins forgiven, and his God reconciled ; from whence he concludes, that the ſevereſt afflictions are only fatherly corrections, and ſhall not exceed his ability to bear, and ſhall aſſuredly obtain a gracious iſſue. He can fetch comfort from that cheering word, “ I will be with him, and bring him to honour*.”

Theſe ſupports have enabled the ſaints to kiſs the rod, and bleſs the hand which chaſtiſed them. To poſſeſs their ſouls, not in

patience only, but in thankfulness also. While they have looked inward, and discerned their absolute need of these bitter but salutary medicines, they have looked upward, and beheld the cup in a most wise and tender physician's hand: have looked forward, with a joyful hope, to that better world, where God will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sorrow, nor any more pain for ever.

The last occasion of need is the trying hour of death, and the tremendous day of judgment. Will this righteousness carry us with safety through the darksome valley, and present us with acceptance at the dreadful tribunal?—It will: it will.—This silences all the curses of the law, and disarms death of every terror.

To believe in this righteousness, is to meet death at our Saviour's side, or rather, like good old Simeon, with the Saviour in our arms.—They overcame, says the beloved disciple, they overcame the last enemy, not by natural fortitude, or philosophic resolution, but by the blood of the Lamb*. By that grand price of redemption which cost the Redeemer every drop of his blood: which delivers sinners from the wrath to

* Rev. xii. 11.

come, and entitles them to the incorruptible inheritance.

“I know,” adds the heroic apostle “whom I have believed;*” I am assured that my Jesus is infinitely faithful, and will not desert me; that his ransom is absolutely sufficient, and cannot deceive me, therefore, with a holy bravery, he bids defiance to death, or rather triumphs over it; as a vanquished enemy; “thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ†.” Nay, through the victorious efficacy of Christ’s propitiation, death is ours; not our foe, but our friend and deliverer. We may number it among our treasures, and rest satisfied that to die is our gain‡.

O! for a firm and lasting faith;
To credit what the Almighty saith;
T’embrace the promise of his Son,
And call the joys of Heaven our own.

DR. WATTS.

Theron. I know not how it is, Aspasio; but I cannot reconcile myself to this doctrine of “imputed righteousness:” notwithstanding all the pains you have taken to make me a convert.

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

† 1 Cor. xv. 57.

‡ Philippians i. 2.

Aspasio. The disappointment is mine, but the less is your's, Theron.—However, let me entreat you not to reject my sentiments absolutely, nor to condemn them prematurely. Suppose it possible, at least, that they *may* be true, and weigh them in an even balance.—Learn wisdom from your *Aspasio's* folly. I was once exactly in your situation, saw things in your light, and through your medium.

Conversing (I well remember) with a devout but plain person, our discourse happened to turn on the solemn admonition; “if any man will come after me, let him deny himself.” I was haranging upon the import and extent of the duty; shewing, that merely to forbear the infamous action, is little. We must deny admittance, deny entertainment at least to the evil imagination, and quench even the kindling spark of irregular desire.—When I had shot a random bolt, my honest friend replied, “There is another instance of selfdenial, to which this injunction extends, and which is of very great moment in the christian religion; I mean the instance of renouncing our own strength, and our own righteousness, not leaning on *that* for holiness, nor relying on *this* for justification.” I thought the old man, I must confess, little better than a superstitious dotard; and wondered at (what

I then fancied) the motley mixture of piety and oddity in his notions. But now I discern sense, solidity, and truth in his observation. Now I perceive that we ourselves are often the dreamers, when we imagine others to be fast asleep.

Theron. You have no reason to be ashamed Aspasio, of receiving instruction from your honest counsellor.

Aspasio. But still “you cannot reconcile yourself.” And no wonder. For this way of salvation runs directly counter to the stream of corrupt nature. It puzzles our reason, and offends our pride.—“What! shall we not work, but *believe unto righteousness*? shall we receive all *freely*, and reckon ourselves no better than *unprofitable* servants? having nothing whatsoever that may recommend us to our Maker.” This is a method to which we should never submit; this is a proposal which we should always spurn, were not our natural sentiments rectified, and our high imaginations abased by the power of divine grace.

Let me remind you of a little incident which you must have read in the Grecian history: a certain stranger came one day to dine with some Lacedemonians, who always sat down at a public table, and were content

with the plainest food, the gentleman accustomed to higher eating, could not forbear expressing his disgust at the *homely* provision.—Sir, said the cook, you do not make use of the *sauce*.—What do you mean? replied the guest.—You do not use hard exercise, nor habituate yourself to long abstinence, nor bring a sharpened appetite to the meal.—And you, my dear friend, I am apprehensive, have not the sauce, have not the proper preparative for this salutary doctrine, which is indeed the bread of life, and the very marrow of the gospel.

Theron. What preparative? Did you not just now say that all was free, and nothing needful, but only to receive the blessing?

Aspasio. True; nothing is needful, as inclining God to give, but only as inclining us to receive.—Would you seek, would you solicit, would you so much as accept a pardon from your sovereign, unless you stood convicted of some capital crime, or was apparently liable to condemnation? neither will sinful man seek, no, nor *accept* the great attonement, till he is made sensible that the wrath of God and the damnation of hell are what he justly deserves, and what, without the propitiation of Christ, he must unavoidably suffer

This, then, is the preparative.—A sense of the horrible filthiness of the least sin in the sight of God; of the innumerable sins of our heart and life, and our undone damnable state on this account.—While *destitute* of these convictions, our souls will be like the full stomach, that loathes even the honey-comb. So long as these convictions are *slight*, and *hover* only in the imagination; we shall be like Gallio, listless, indifferent, and “caring for none of those things.”—But when they are *deep* and *penetrate* the heart, then the righteousness of a Redeemer will be sweet, tasteful, and inviting. Sweet as myrrh and frankincense to the smell; tasteful as milk and honey to the palate; inviting as gold and treasures to the ruined bankrupt.

Theron. How are these convictions wrought in the soul?

Aspasio. “By the law is the knowledge of sin.” Consequently, by the law is the conviction of our undone state. Let us therefore endeavour to understand the law of God how pure, how extensive, how sublimely perfect it is.—Then, judge of our spiritual condition, not from the *flattering* suggestions of self-love, nor from the *defective* examples of our fellow creatures, but by this *unerring* standard of the sanctuary.—Above

all, let us beseech the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to send his enlightening spirit into our hearts: for indeed, without enlightening influences of the spirit, we may have the divine law in our hand; we may comprehend its grammatical meaning; yet be like blind Bartimeus under the meridian sun. It is the blessed spirit alone who can remove the veil of ignorance from our minds; and shew us either "the wonderful things of God's law," or the glorious mysteries, of his gospel. In this sense, our polite poet speaks a truth, as singularly important as it is elegantly expressed:

"He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
"And on the sightless eye-balls pour the day."

Will you give me leave to propose another expedient, which, I believe, may be considerably serviceable in this particular case. Which I am assured, will be greatly advantageous in many other respects.

Theron. Backward as I am to adopt your doctrine, I am no enemy to my own interest; therefore, shall not only give you leave to propose, but give you thanks for communicating so valuable an advice.

Aspasio. It is, in reality, none of mine. It was long ago recommended by our old acquaintance Horace. It consists in *keeping a diary*.

Compile a *secret* history of your heart and conduct.—Take notice of the manner in which your *time* is spent, and of the strain which runs through your *discourse*. How often the former is lost in trifles, how often the latter evaporates in vanity. Attend to the *principle* from which your actions flow; whether from the steady habitual love of God, or from some rambling impulse, and a customary propensity to please yourself.—Minute down your sins of *omission*; how frequently you neglect to glorify your Creator, to edify your fellow creatures; and to improve yourself in knowledge and holiness. Observe the frame of your spirit in *religious* duties; with what reluctance they are undertaken, and with what indevotion performed; with how many wanderings of thought, and with how much dullness of desire. How often, in transacting *common* affairs, you feel the inordinate sallies of passion, the workings of evil concupiscence, or the intrusion of foolish imaginations.

Register those *secret* faults, to which none but your own conscience is privy, and which none but the all-seeing eye discerns. Often review these interesting memoirs; frequently contemplate yourself in this faithful mirror, and do not be afraid to see your wants and weaknesses, the depravity of your heart,

and the iniquity of your life.—An artist, some time ago, took a survey of your estate; drew the form, and measured the dimensions of each enclosure; pictured out every hedge, and scarce omitted a single tree which grew upon the premises.—Act this with your will, your understanding, and your affections.

By this means we shall discover the sins which most easily beset us, which most frequently elude our vigilance, and baffle our resolution. We shall learn *how* to post our guard, *when* to exercise the strictest watch, and *where* to direct the artillery of prayer.—In a word, we shall learn better than from ten thousand volumes, to know ourselves. A knowledge which was supposed, by the ancient philosophers, to descend from heaven, and which, I believe, our christian divines will allow, has a happy tendency to lead people thither; because, of all other preparatives, it best disposes them for that blessed Redeemer, who is the way, the only way to those blissful-mansions.

Now I have mentioned a *way*, let me suppose you travelling through an unknown country: you came to a place where the road divides itself into two equally inviting parts. You are at a loss which track to pursue. Whose direction will you choose

to follow ? that man's who has passed thro' *neither* of them ? that man's who has passed through *one* of them only ? or that man's who has passed and repassed them *both* ? To wait for an answer would be an affront to your judgment: only let me observe, that the last is your Aspasio's case. He has travelled long, and proceeded far, even in *your* path. All that circumspection and assiduity, all that prayer and self-denial, all that fasting and alms, and every other means of grace could do, in order to establish a righteousness of his own, has been done.—But to no purpose.—He has also trod every step in the way, which he recommends to his beloved friend. He has made the trial concerning the righteousness *without works*, or the righteousness of God imputed. He can set his *probatum est* to whatsoever he advises on this subject, and may venture to say, with his divine MASTER, “ we speak that we do know,” and testify that we have experienced.

Theron. I am sorry to observe that the night is coming on, and our conversation almost at an end. My regret is increased by the consideration of your intended journey.—Though business obliges you to *depart*, it will I hope, afford you leisure to *write*. This will be some compensation for the want of your company.

Yonder sun is sinking below the horizon, and just taking his leave of our earth. To retard the departing radiance, at least to alleviate the approaching loss those western clouds catch the rays, and reflect them to our view, in a most amusing diversity of colours. By this means we enjoy the great luminary in his *beams*, even when *his orb* is withdrawn from our sight. An epistolary correspondence has something of the same nature. Letters may be called the talk of absent friends. By this expedient, they communicate their thoughts, even though countries, kingdoms, or seas intercept their speech. You must, therefore, promise me this satisfaction, that I may converse with my Aspasio by the *pen*, when I can no longer have an intercourse with him in *person*.

Aspasio. You have anticipated me, Theon; otherwise, what is now my promise, would have been my request.

I cannot but take notice of another particularity in that magnificent assemblage of clouds; how they varied their appearance, as the lamp of day changed its situation.—A little while ago, those curtains of the sky were streaked with orange, or tinged with amber. Presently they borrow the blush of the rose, or the softened red of the pink. Ere long, they glow with vermillion, or

deepen into crimson. Soon succeeds the purple, more beautiful and grand than any imperial robe, and as soon (thus transient is all sublunary grandeur!) gives place to the *sable veil* of evening, or saddens into the *gloomy pall* of night. Such I trust, will be the issue of my Theron's present apprehensions. All his splendid ideas of human excellency and self-righteousness will become faint, will lose their imaginary lustre, till at length they fade away, and darken into absolute *self-abasement*.——Then the grace of free justification will be amiable, will be desirable as the beauties of the dawn, breaking upon the shades of night. Then you will make no difficulty to say with the Psalmist and the Apostle, “Blessed is the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works*.”

Oh, my Theron! what is the drop of a bucket to the unfathomable waves of the ocean? what is a grain of sand to the unmeasurable dimensions of the universe? what is an hour or a moment to the endless revolutions of eternity? such are all human endowments and temporary attainments, compared with his righteousness, who “thought it no robbery to be equal with God, yet took on him the form of a servant?

* Romans, iv. 6!

who was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him*?"—And is this righteousness designed for *us*? Is this to be our wedding dress, this our beautiful array, when we enter the regions of eternity? Unspeakable privilege!—Is this what God has provided to supply, and more than supply our loss in Adam? Boundless benignity!—Shall *we* be treated by the Judge of the world, as if we had performed all this unfinning and perfect obedience? well might the prophet cry out, like one lost in astonishment, "how great is his goodness!" How great indeed! since all that the Lord Jesus *did and suffered*, was done and suffered for us men, and for our salvation, "is imputed unto us for righteousness," and is the cause, the sole but infinitely sufficient cause of our justification.

Is not your heart enamoured, my dear Theron, with a view of this incomprehensibly rich grace? what so excellent, what so comfortable, what so desirable as the gift of a Saviour's righteousness? though delineated by this *feeble* pen, methinks it has glory and dignity enough to captivate our hearts, and fire our affections; fire them with ardent and distinguishable desires after a personal interest and propriety in it.—O! may

the eternal Spirit reveal our Redeemer's righteousness, in all its heavenly beauty and divine lustre ! then, I am persuaded, we shall esteem it above *every thing* ; we shall regard it as the *one thing* needful ; we shall count *all things* in comparison of it, worthless as the chaff, and empty as the wind..

But here sinners may "suck and be satisfied with this breast of consolation ;" yea, millions and thousands of millions "may milk out and be delighted with the abundance of its glory."—Here we shall find the doctrine of supererogation, no longer a chimaera, but a delightful reality. Here, indeed, is an immense surpluse, an inexhaustible fund of merit, sufficient to enrich a whole world of indigent and miserable creatures ; sufficient to make their cup run over with a superabundant fulness of peace and joy, so long as time shall last, and when time shall be no more. For to use the apostle's weighty argument, "if by one man's offence, death reigned by one ; much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness shall reign in life by me," Jesus Christ. Is it reasonable that we should ascribe more power to Adam, a mere man, in making us sinners, than in Christ, the GOD-MAN, in making us righteous ? No verily. If *one* offence, committed by one man, made all his posterity chargeable with

guilt, and liable to death, MUCH MORE shall the *manifold* instances of our *divine* Redeemer's obedience absolve all his people from condemnation and punishment, and intitle them to the honours and joys of immortality.

Think not that what I have written is the language of rant; it is a paraphrase, though I must confess, but a scanty paraphrase, on David's practice, and David's faith; "My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day, for I know not the numbers thereof." The supereminent righteousness of Christ, and the great salvation obtained thereby, he declares, shall be the chosen, the principal subject of his discourse; not on a sabbath only, but on *every day* of the week, of the year, of his life: not barely at the stated returns of solemn devotion; but on every common occasion, in every social interview, *all the day long*. Why will he thus dwell, perpetually and invariably dwell, on this darling theme? because, "he knew not the numbers thereof." It is impossible to measure the value, or exhaust the fullness of these blessings. The righteousness is unspeakable, the salvation everlasting. To compute the duration of the one, numbers fail; to describe the excellency of the other, words are at a loss.

This will appear in a clearer light, if, to the perfection of his obedience, we add the *majesty* of our Saviour's *person*.—Let me desire my friend, the friend of my bosom, to contemplate our Lord Jesus under that lovely and august character, GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS. And, for my part, I will not cease to pray, that a sense of this supereminently grand and precious righteousness may be written on my Theron's heart.—On those living tables, may it be like figures cut on a rock of solid marble, or inscribed on the bark of a solid tree; be *lasting* in its duration as the former, and *spreading* in its influence as the latter; and it will then be a sure proof that his name is written in the book of life.

You give a most astonishing account of the *pressure* of the atmosphere. Astonishing indeed! that we should be continually surrounded, continually overwhelmed with such a load of air; quite dreadful to think upon! yet not be crushed to death; no, nor be sensible of the least weight.—This, I think, may serve to represent the state of sinners, *unawakened* from carnal security. Loads, more than *mountainous* loads of guilt, are upon his soul, and he perceives not the burden. For this reason, he is under no apprehensions of the vengeance and fiery indignation which he deserves; he has no

superlative esteem for the attonement and merits of the Redeemer, which alone can deliver him from the wrath to come; but if once his conscience *feels* what his lips, perhaps, have often repeated, “we do earnestly repent us of these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us, the burden of them intolerable;” then how will he prize such a text; “The Lord laid on Christ the iniquity of us all:” how will he long for an interest in the Lamb of God, “which taketh away the sin of the world!” then that Jesus, who has finished the transgression, and brought in everlasting righteousness, will be all his salvation, and all his desire.

That Mr. Hervey was a great admirer of the charms of rural nature, and closely studied the beauties of her sylvan retreats, may be readily proved by his choice of, and attachment to the silent recesses of the country, and his picturesque descriptions of them in various parts of his admired writings: the beginnings of his *Meditations*, *Contemplations* and *Dialogues*, plainly evidence his taste and genius, especially for rural and luxuriant paintings; the following extracts from the aforementioned dialogues will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to all who are fond of romantic and sequestered scenes.



DESCRIPTIVE BEAUTIES.

A DESCRIPTION OF THERON'S EXTENSIVE
GARDENS.

THE spot adjoining to the house was appropriated to the cultivation of flowers.—In a variety of handsome compartments were assembled the choicest beauties of blooming nature. Here the *hyacinth* hung her silken bells, or the *lillies* reared their silver pyramids. There stood the neat *narcissus*, loosely attired in a mantle of snowy lustre, while the splendid *ranunculus* wore a full trimmed suit of radiant scarlet. *Pinks* were rising to enamel the borders; *roses* were opening to dress the walks, surrounded on all sides with a profusion of beauteous forms, either latent in the stalk, or bursting the buds, or blown into full expansion.

This was bounded by a slight partition: a sort of verdant parapet, through which they descended by an easy flight of steps, and are presented with the elegant simplicity of the *kitchen-garden*.—In one place you might see the marygold flowering, or the beans in blossom. In another the endive curled her leaves, or the lettuce thickened her tufts. Cauliflowers sheltered their fair complexion under a green umbrella, while the borage dishevelled her locks, and braided them with native jewels of a finer than the finest sapphires.—On the *sunny slopes*, the cucumber and melon lay basking in the collected beams. On the *raised beds* the artichoke seemed to be erecting a standard, while the asparagus shot into ranks of spears. The *level ground* produced all manner of cooling fallads and nourishing esculents; which, like the brows of the *Olympic* conquerors, were bound with a fillet of unfading parsley; or, like the pictures of the mountain nymphs, were graced with a chaplet of fragrant marjoram.—In short, nothing was wanting to furnish out the wholesome luxury of an *antediluvian* banquet.

Soon a high wall intervenes, through which a wicket opens, and transmits them into the regular and equidistant rows of an *orchard*.—This plantation is so nicely ad-

justed, that it looks like an arrangement of rural piazzas, or a collection of diversified vistas. The eye is every where entertained with the exactest uniformity, and darts, with unobstructed ease, from one end of the branching files to the other. On all the boughs lay a lovely evolution of *blossoms*, arrayed in milky white, or tinged with the softest red; crowding into one general cluster, without relinquishing a vacant space for leaves, they formed the fairest, the gayest, the grandest alcove that fancy itself can imagine.—It is really like the Court of Graces; none can approach it, without finding his ideas brightened, and feeling his temper exhilarated.

Contiguous to this correct disposition of things, nature has thrown a *wilderness*, hoary, grotesque, and magnificently confused. It stretched itself with a large circular sweep to the north, and secured both the olitory and the orchard from incommoding winds. Copses of hazel and flowering shrubs filled the lower spaces, while poplars quivered aloft in the air, and pines pierced the clouds with their leafy spires. Here grew clumps of fir, clad in everlasting green; there stood groves of oak, which had weathered for ages the wintry storm.—This woody theatre was intersected by a *winding walk*, lined with elms of an insuperable height, whose

branches, uniting at the top, reared a majestic arch, and projected a solemn shade. It was impossible to enter this lofty labyrinth, without being struck with a pleasing dread. As they proceed, every inflexion diffuses a deeper gloom, and awakens a more pensive attention.

Having strolled in this darksome avenue, without a speck of sunshine, without a glimpse of the heavens ; on a sudden, they step into open day.—Surprising ! cries Aspasio, what a change is this ! what a delightful enchantment is here !—One instant whelmed in Trophonius's cave, where darkness lours, and horror frowns, transported the next into the romantic scenes of Arcadia, where all is lightsome, and all is gay. Quick as thought the arches of heaven expand their azure ; turrets and spires shoot into the skies ; towns, with their spacious edifices, spread themselves to the admiring view. Those lawns, green with freshest herbage, those fields, rich with undulating corn, where were they all a moment ago ? It brings to my mind that remarkable situation of the Jewish law-giver, when, elevated on the summit of Pisgah, he surveyed the goodly land of promise—surveyed “the rivers, the floods, the brooks of honey and butter”—surveyed “the mountains dropping with wine, and the hills flowing with milk,”

——Surveyed all with those eyes, which for forty tedious years had been confined to dry sands, ragged rocks, and the irksome wastes of a desolate howling wilderness.

On the first *mossy hillock*, which offered its couch, our gentlemen seated themselves. The rising sun had visited the spot to dry up the dews and exhale the damps that might endanger health, to open the violets, and expand the primroses that decked the green. The whole shade of the wood was collected *behind* them, and a beautiful, extensive, most diversified landscape spread itself *before* them.

Theron, according to his usual manner, made many improving remarks on the prospect and its furniture. He traced the footsteps of an all comprehending contrivance, and pointed out the strokes of inimitable skill. He observed the grand exertions of power, and the rich exuberance of goodness, most signally, most charmingly conspicuous through the whole.—Upon one circumstance he enlarged with particular satisfaction.

Theron. See, Aspasio! how all is calculated to administer the highest *delight* to mankind.—Those trees and hedges which

skirt the extremities of the landscape, stealing away from their real bulk, and lessening by gentle diminutions, appear like elegant pictures in miniature: those which occupy the nearer situations, are a set of noble images, swelling upon the eye, in *full proportion*, and in a variety of graceful attitudes; both of them ornamenting the several apartments of our common abode, with a mixture of delicacy and grandeur.

The blossoms that array the branches, the flowers that embroider the mead, address and entertain *our* eyes with every charm of beauty; whereas, to *other* creatures, they are destitute of all those attractives, which result from a combination of the loveliest colours, and most alluring forms. Yonder streams that glide with smooth serenity along the vallies, glittering to the distant view like sheets of polished silver, or soothing the attentive ear with the softness of aquatic murmurs, are no less *exhilarating* to the fancy, than to the soil through which they pass. The huge enormous mountain, the steep and dizzy precipice, the pendent horrors of the craggy promontory, wild and tremendous as they are, furnish out an agreeable entertainment to the human mind, and *please* even while they terrify, whereas the beasts take no other notice of those ma-

jestic deformities, than only to avoid the dangers they appear to threaten.

Aspasio. What a magnificent and charming scene!—Hills on either side, gently rising and widely spreading; their summits crowned with scattered villages, and clustering trees. Their slopes divided into a beauteous chequer-work, consisting partly of tillage, with its waving crops, partly of pasturage, with its grazing herds.—Before us the trefoil, the clover, and variety of grassy plants, differently bladed, and differently branched, weave themselves into a *carpet* of living green. Can any of the manufactures formed in the looms, or extended in the palaces of Persia, vie with the covering of this ample area? vie with it in grandeur of size, or delicacy of decoration?

What a profusion of the gayest flowers, fringing the banks, and embroidering the plain!—Nothing can be brighter than the lustre of these silver *daisies*: nothing deeper than the tinge of those golden *crowfoots*. Yet both seem to acquire additional liveliness, by succeeding to the deformity of winter, and by flourishing amidst the freshest verdure.

Theron. Nature is truly in *her prime*.—The vegetable tribes are putting on their richest attire. Those chesnuts on our right

hand begin to rear their flowering pyramids ; those willows on our left are tipped with tassels of grey, while yonder poplars, which overlook the river, and seem to command the meadows, are pointed with rolls of silver.

The hawthorn, in every *Hedge*, is partly turgid with silken gems, partly diffused into a milk white bloom. Not a straggling furze, nor a solitary thicket on the *Heath*, but wears a rural nosegay. Even amidst that neglected *Dike*, the arum rises in humble state ; most curiously shrouded in her leafy tabernacle, and surrounded with luxuriant families, each distinguished by a peculiar livery of green. Look wherever we will, all is a delightful display of present fertility, and joyous pledge of future plenty. — Now we experience what the royal poet, in very delicate imagery, describes : “ The winter is past ; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come ; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs ; and the vine with her tender grapes give a good smell.”

Aspasie. See ! Theron, what the cheering warmth, and the genial showers of spring have done ! The rough tree softens into

verdure. The ragged thorn is robed with beauty. Even the uncultivated lanes teem with herbage. *Such* a change, so pleasing and so ennobling, the gospel of CHRIST introduces into the soul.—Not a day, scarce an hour passes, but this season of universal fecundity produces something *new*; something that improves the aspect, and increases the riches of nature. And is there any state, or any circumstance of life, in which the faith of CHRIST does not exert a similar efficacy? Does not purify the heart, and bring forth fruit unto GOD.

Theron. To me who have spent the greatest part of the winter in *town*, these scenes of the *country* are inexpressibly pleasing. Take who will, the gilded saloon, and the silken settee; so long as I can shelter myself under the canopy of such a spreading beech, and use one of its coarse mis-shapen roots for my seat.

'Tis true we see no longer those splendid brocades and elegant toupees which distinguish the *Park* and *Mall*.—But we have full in our view a multitude of honest rustics, pursuing their cheerful labours in yonder *meadow*; some mowing the luxuriant herbage; some spreading it to the sun, or raising it into regular cocks; others loading their waggons with the hay, or clearing the

ground with their rakes ; the ground, cleared of its soft incumbrance, appears fresh and green, like another spring, while the exhalations of the tedded grass, floating in the air, gives a rural perfume to the gale.— And which, my Aspasio, which are the most valuable objects ? the *little labourers* of the hive that enrich themselves and regale their masters, or the *gay flutterers* of the garden, whose life is nothing but sport, and their highest character is to be insignificantly pretty ?

Aspasio. In this retirement we hear none of the wanton and corrupting airs of the opera ; no, nor the majestic and ennobling melody of the oratorio.—But we have a band of music stationed in the grove, and a concert of native harmony warbling from the boughs. We are entertained with the music, which charmed the human ear, long before Jubal found out his instruments, and thousands of years before Handel composed his notes.—The bullfinch, and a multitude of little tuneful throats, strike the key. The thrush below and the sky-lark responsive from above, *diversify* and exalt the strain. The blackbird, somewhat like the solemn organ, with notes perfectly melodious, and gracefully sonorous, crowns the choir, while the turtle's melancholy voice, and the mur-

muring water's plaintive tone, *deepen* and complete the universal symphony.

Tberon. The inhabitants of yonder villages have never beheld the splendid procession, which solemnizes the coronation of a monarch, nor the *gaudy illuminations* which distinguish the anniversary of his birth: but they see, almost every morning, a much nobler spectacle displayed in the east. They see the great *Ruler* of the *day*, or rather the envoy from day's eternal SOVEREIGN, making his entry amidst the spaces of the sky. The heavens are strewn with colours which outvie the pinks and carnations. The grass is decked with dew drops, and every plant is strung, as it were, with pearls. All around the darkness retires, and sweet refreshing gales arise. At length the magnificent luminary appears. And what is all the ostentatious pomp of kings? what is all the glitter of the most brilliant courts, compared with his transcendent lustre?—This spectacle we may behold, without loss of time, or prejudice to health. Nay, we cannot behold it, without *improving* one and *redeeming* the other. So beneficial are even the pleasures which nature yields! so serviceable the diversions to which she invites!

Talking in this manner, they arrive at the *Park*. Which, the moment you enter, fills

the view with its bold, enlarged, and magnificent sweep.—It was diversified with level and rising ground. Here, scooped into mimic Amphitheatres; with the *Deer* pendent on the little summit, or shooting down the precipice. There, raised into gentle hillocks; some of which were canopied with a large, solitary oak; others were tufted with a cluster of tapering and verdent elms. Two or three *Cascades*, gleaming from afar, as they poured along the slanting rock, or the grassy slope, gave a pleasing variation to the prospect. While they startled the timorous unexperienced Fawns, with their foaming current, and watery roar. *Grandeur* and *Simplicity* seemed to be the genius of the place. Every thing breathed an air of noble negligence and artless majesty.

In the centre of all, rose a curious *romantic mount*.—Its form was exactly round, somewhat like a sugar-loaf whose cone is lopt off a little below the top—Not cœval with nature, but the work of human industry. Thrown up, 'tis supposed, in those perilous times, when Britain was alarmed by foreign invasions, or bled with intestine wounds.—It was covered all around with elder shrubs, whose ranks, gradually rising and spreading shade above shade, composed a kind of woody theatre, through which were struck two or three *spiral walks*, lead-

ing, by a gentle ascent, and under embow-
ering verdure, to the summit.—At proper
intervals, and on every side of the hill, were
formed little *arbours*, with appertures cut
through the boughs, to admit a prospect of
the country.—In one or other of these leafy
boxes, you command, at every hour of the
day, either the enlivening sun, or the re-
freshing shade.—All along the circling a-
venues, and all arounds the rests (sprung
daffodils, primroses and violets; which,
mingling with hyacinths and cowslips, com-
posed many a charming piece of *natural*
Mosaic.

How agreeable as they climb and wind
themselves round the hill, to reflect on the
happy change, which has now taken place!!
Where steely helmets gleamed, or brazen
shields clashed, the *Goldfinches* twitter their
loves, and display their painted plumes. The
dens of rapine, or the horrid haunts of
bloodshed, are become the retreats of calm
contemplation, and friendly converse.—In
yonder lower spaces, where the armed troops
were wont to patrol; from whence they
made excursions to ravage the villages, or
terrify the swains; the *Fallow-Deers* trip
lightly, or the full-headed Stags stand at
bay.

From a small eminence, but at a consider-

able distance, gushed a couple of springs, which, rambling through a grove, lost one another in the shady labyrinth. Emerging at length from the gloom, they approached nearer and nearer, and fell into embraces at the foot of this hill. They rolled in amicable conjunction along the pebbly channel, which incircles its basis, and added their *sober melody* to the *sprightly warbling* of the birds. Flowing off in one common stream, they formed the fine pieces of water which beautified the Park. From thence, they stole into the meadow, and widened into a *River*: there, enamoured as it were with each other, they glide by wealthy towns, and sweep through flowery vales, regardless of the blooming toys which deck the one, and of the noisy crowds which throng the other.

So said *Aspasio*, may Theron and his Selima pleasing and pleased with each other, pass through the busy and the amusing scenes of life: neither captivated by the one, nor anxious for the other. With such harmonious agreement, and indissoluble union, may they pursue the course marked out by providence, their happiness *increasing*, and their usefulness enlarging, as they draw nearer the ocean of all good: then, parted by a gentle stroke of death, like the waters of some ample stream severed by the piers of an intervening bridge, may they speedily re-u-

nite ! Re-unite in consummate bliss, and never, never be separated more.

A DESCRIPTION OF AN ARBOUR AND CURIOUS FOUNTAIN IN THERON'S GARDEN.

STRONG, and substantial plants of *liburnum* formed the shell, while the slender and flexile shoots of *syringa* filled up the interstices.—Was it to compliment, as well as to accommodate their worthy guests, that the shrubs interwove the luxuriant foliage ? was it to represent those tender but close attachments, which had *united* their affections, and *blended* their interests ?—I will not too positively ascribe such a design to the disposition of the branches. They composed, however, by their twining embraces, no inexpressive emblem of the *endearments* and the *advantages* of friendship. They composed a canopy of the freshest verdure, and of the thickest texture ; so thick, that it entirely excluded the sultry ray, and shed both a cool refreshment, and an amusive gloom, while every unsheltered tract glared with light, or fainted with heat.

You enter by an easy ascent of steps, lin-

ed with turf, and fenced with a balustrade of sloping bay-trees.—The roof was a fine *concave*, peculiarly elevated and stately. Not embossed with sculpture, not mantled over with fret-work, but far more delicately adorned with the *syringa's silver tufts*, and the *liburnum's flowering gold*; whose large and lovely clusters, gracefully pendent from the leafy dome, disclosing their sweets to the delighted bee, and gently waving to the balmy breath of spring, gave the utmost enrichment to the charming bower.

Facing the entrance lay a spacious grassy walk, terminated by an octangular bason, with a curious *Jet d' Eau* playing in the centre. The waters, spinning from the lower orifices, were attenuated into innumerable little threads, which dispersed themselves in an horizontal direction, and returned to the reservoir in a drizzling shower. Those, which issued from the higher tubes, and larger apertures, either springed perpendicularly, or spouted obliquely, and formed, as they fell, several lofty arches of liquid chrystal, all *glittering* to the eye, and *cooling* to the air.

Parallel to the walk, ran a *parterre*, planted with an assemblage of flowers, which advanced, one above another, in regular gradations of height, of dignity, and of beauty.

First a row of *daisies*, gay as the smile of youth, and fair as the virgin snows.—Next a range of *crocuses*, like a long stripe of yellow satin, quilted with threads, or diversified with sprigs of green. A superior order of *ranunculuses*, each resembling the cap of an earl's coronet, replenished the third story, with full-blown tufts of glossy scarlet.—Beyond this, a more elevated line of *tulips* raised their flourished heads, and opened their enameled cups; not bedecked with a single tint only, but glowing with an intermingled variety of radiant hues. Above all arose that noble ornament of a royal escutcheon, the *flower-de-luce*, bright with ethereal blue, and grand with imperial purple; which formed, by its graceful projections, a cornice or a capital of more than Corinthian richness, and imparted the most consummate beauty to the blooming colonade.

The whole, viewed from the harbour, looked like a *rainbow* painted upon the ground, and wanted nothing to rival that resplendent arch; only the boldness of its sweep, and the advantage of its ornamental curve.

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ANOTHER VIEW OF THERON'S PLEASURE
 GROUNDS AND HERMETICAL RETREAT,
 WITH A DESCRIPTION OF NOON.

THERON and Aspasio enter a spacious *lawn*, which lay opposite to the house, and opened itself in the form of an expanded fan. The mounds, on either side, were dressed in verdure, and ran out in a slanting direction. The whole, to an eye placed at a distance, bore the resemblance of a magnificent *vista*, contracting, by slow degrees, its dimensions, and lessening, at last, into a point, which the regular and graceful seat, with all imaginable dignity, supplied.

Nature had sunk the lawn into a gentle *declivity*, on whose ample sides were oxen browsing, and lambs frisking. The lusty droves lowed as they passed, and the thriving flocks bleated welcome music in their master's ear. Along the midst of this verdant slope was stretched a spacious and extensive *walk*; which, coated with gravel, and fenced with pallisadoes, looked like a plain stripe of brown, intersecting a carpet of the brightest green. At the bottom, two handsome *canals*, copiously stocked with fish, sometimes stood unmoved, "pure as the expanse of Heaven." The waters, beheld from every room in the house, had a fine effect upon the sight, not without a refreshing

influence on the imagination.—At the extremity of one, was planted a stately *colonnade*: the roof elevated on pillars of the *Ionic* order; the area flabbed with stones, neatly ranged in the diamond fashion. Several forest-chairs accommodated the anglers with a seat, while the bending dome supplied them with a shade.

Corresponding, and on the margin of the other canal, was erected a *summer-house*, of a very singular kind.—The lower part had an opening towards the north; it was cool, it was gloomy, and had never seen the sun. It carried the romantic air of a *grotto*, or rather the pensive appearance of a *hermit's cell*. The outside was coarse and rugged, with pertuberant stones; partly overspread with ivy, partly with moss, it seemed to be the work of ancient years. You descend by steps of turf, and are obliged to stoop as you pass the door. A scanty iron grate, with certain narrow slits in the wall, transmit a glimmering light, just sufficient to discover the inner structure, which appears like one continued piece of rock-work, a cavern cut from the surrounding quarry.—*Above* hung an irregular arch with an aspect that seemed to presage the fall, and more than seemed to alarm the stranger. *Below* lay a paving of homely pebbles, in some places a little furrowed, as though it had

been worn by the frequent tread of solitary feet. *All around* were rusticity and solemnity ; solemnity never more visibly seen than through a gloom.—The furniture all of the same *grotesque* fashion with the apartment. A bench hewed, you would suspect, by nature's chissel, out of the solid stone. A sort of couch, composed of swelling moss, and small fibrous roots.—From one corner trickled a pure spring, which crept, with a bubbling moan, along the channeled floor, till its current was collected into a basin, rudely scooped from the ground. On the edge of this little receptacle, lay chained a rusty bowl ; and over it stood an antique worm-eaten table.—On the least obscure part of the wall you discern, *dimly* discern, a parchment scroll, inscribed with that sage but mortifying admonition ; “ *Vanity of vanities ! all is vanity !* ”

Over this recess, so pleasingly horrid, and adapted to solemn musings, arose an open and airy *Belvidere*. You ascend by winding stairs, and coming from the *uncouth* abode below, are sweetly surprised with an *elegant* hexagon.—The ceiling lofty, and decorated with the softest, richest, almost flowing fret-work. The wainscot, in large pannels of oak, retained its native auburn ; so beautifully plain, that, like an amiable countenance, it would have been disfigured, rather

than improved, by the most costly paint. On this were disposed, in gilded frames, and to great advantage, a variety of entertaining *landscapes*; but none surpassed, none equalled, all were a foil to the noble lovely views which the windows commanded. The chimney-piece, of white shining marble, streaked with veins of vivid red. Over it was carved a fine festoon of artificial, in it was ranged a choice collection of natural flowers.—On a table of glossy walnut, lay a portable telescope, attended with *Thomson's Seasons* and *Vanierii Prædium Rusticum*.

The whole was fitted up in the highest taste, and furnished with every pleasurable ornament; on purpose to harmonize with that *lavish gait*, which seemed to smile over all the face of nature; on purpose to correspond with that vernal *delight* which came breathing on the wings of every fragrant gale; I may add, on purpose to remind the beholder of those *immortal mansions*, which are decorated with images, infinitely more splendid, with objects unspeakably more glorious; where holy beings will spend, not a few vacant hours in refined amusement, but a boundless eternity in the consummation of joy.—For, to a well-turned mind, nature is a preceptor, and these are her instructive lessons. To the pure in heart, even sense is edifying, and these are its most delicate moralities.

The redundant waters of the canal rolled off in a spreading *cascade*; which, tumbling from many a little precipice, soothed the air with a symphony of soft and gurgling sounds, nor ever intermitted the obliging office.

“From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.”

But when the fanning breezes dropt their wings, when the feathered choir were hushed in sleep, when not so much as a chirping grasshopper was heard throughout the meads, this liquid instrument played its *solo*; still pursued its busy way, and warbled, as it flowed melodious murmurs.

The sun was fiercely bright, and the sky without a cloud. Not a breath fanned the woods, not a gale curled the stream.—The fields exposed to all the fiery beams, were like a glowing hearth.—The little birds, overcome by the potent influence, lost for a while their tuneful notes. Nothing was heard in the garden but the drowsy hum of bees, and the moan-like buz of winged insects.—All nature seemed to *languish*. The flourishing meads looked sickly, the gayest blossoms began to fade, the sprightliest animals, if not reposed under some cooling shelter panted for breath, and hung their drooping heads amidst the all-surrounding blaze and the unsufferable heat.

THERON'S RURAL ELOPEMENT DESCRIBED.

THERON, as soon as the tea-equipage was removed, took his way, to the *wood*. Longing for the thickest shade, he hastened to the center. The avenue, consisting of a serpentine walk, which, after having presented you with several species of plants, and several degrees of verdure, ends in a large circular area; not covered with a Grecian or Roman temple, unmeaning imitation of Pagan idolatry, but surrounded with aged and princely oaks, the coalition of whose branches, threw over the grassy plot a majestic rural dome, and their unpierced foliage "imbrowned the noon-tide hours."

In the midst, and elevated on a square base, was a statue representing the venerable Elijah, in a posture of worship, with his hands stretched out, and eyes lifted up to Heaven. His attitude, his air, his every feature, were a most lively comment on those strong, energetic expressions of scripture; "take hold on God; wrestle with the ALMIGHTY; pour out your hearts before HIM."—On one side of the pedestal were engraven the priests of Baal, in frantic

emotions calling upon their senseless deity, and gashing themselves with unavailing wounds.—On the other was exhibited, in basso-relievo, the adorable Tishbite's altar; his victim burning with fire from the Lord, even while the water ran from every limb, and overflowed the trench below.

A remote cascade tumbled from a craggy rock. The very stream, like its master, seemed in haste to escape from the intense and raging heat. With hurry and impetuosity it rushed into this grand harbour. But here, impressed as it were, with the unexpected *solemnity* of the scene, it suddenly checked the tumultuous wave: and having just saluted or kissed the skirts of this revered spot, turned aside into a more sequestered path. As some heedless trisler who bolts unawares into the royal presence, stands struck with reverence and awe, or retires with precipitance and confusion.

The deep gloom, shedding a kind of night, even while the sun glared in the sky.—Not a whisper stirring, among so many millions of leaves, and all their warbling natives hushed in silence. The sonorous *toll* of the distant *cascade*, and the tinkling *chime* of the nearer rill. The profound adoration and fervent devotion, which lived in the lineaments of the impassioned stone.

—All these circumstances rendered the place peculiarly pensive and august. Not much unlike the ancient oratories, where holy people withdrew from the giddy ring, and the bustling croud, to ennoble their minds with sublime contemplation; where they bid a temporary adieu to the tumultuous world, its gay impertinence, in order to maintain a more uninterrupted communion with that mighty Being, “who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers before him.”

HERON AND ASPASIO'S CONVERSATION
ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

THE morning had been wet. At noon the rain ceased, but the heavens still continued gloomy.—Towards evening a gentle eastern gale sprung up, which dissipated the dead calm, and cleared the face of the sky.—The sun, which had been muffled in clouds, dropped the veil. Disengaged from the dusky shroud, he shone forth with *superior splendor*. His beams, endeared by their late suspension, were doubly welcome, and produced unusual gaiety.

At this juncture, Theron and Aspasio

walked abroad. They walked alternately on the terraces; one of which was opposite to the country, the other contiguous to the parterre, where the gales, impregnated with the freshest exhalations of nature, breathed the smells of meads, and fields, and groves; or else, shaking the clusters of roses, and sweeping the beds of fragrance, they flung balm and odours through the air.

At a distance were heard the bleatings of the flock, mingled with the lowings of the milky mothers, while more melodious music warbled from the neighbouring boughs, & spoke aloud the joy of their feathered inhabitants; and not only spoke their joy, but spread an *additional* charm over all the landscape. For, amidst such strains of native harmony, the breathing perfumes smell more sweet, the streaming rills shine more clear, and the universal prospect looks more gay.

Then was experienced what Milton so delicately describes;

“As when, from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 “Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o’erspread
 “Heav’n’s chearful face, the low’ring element
 “Scowl’s o’er the darken’d land scape snow or show’r;
 “If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
 “Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 “The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 “Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.”

With wonder and delight our friends observed both the exquisite beauty and the immense magnificence of things. They were struck with the most profound veneration of that Almighty majesty, who hung the sun in vaults of azure, and clothed his orb with robes of lustre. Whose "right hand spanneth the Heavens, and stretched them out as a tent;" for innumerable creatures, worlds, and systems *to dwell in*.—Charmed they were at the consideration of the Creator's boundless beneficence; who lifts up the light of his countenance, and joy is shed; who opens his munificent hand, and plenty is poured throughout all the regions of the universe; insomuch, that even inanimate beings seem to smile under a sense of the blessings; and, though they find not a tongue to praise, yet speak their acclamations by their *gladdened* looks.

HERON'S MORAL SOLILOQUY ON THE BENEFITS OF RURAL SOLITUDE.

THE sky was peculiarly beautiful, and perfectly clear; only where the fine indigo received an agreeable heightening by a few thin and scattered clouds, which im-

bibed the solar rays, and looked like penfile fleeces of purest *wool*.—All things appeared with so mild, so majestic, so charming an aspect, that, intent as Theron was upon a different subject, he could not but indulge the following soliloquy.

“How delightful are the scenes of rural nature ! especially to the *philosophic* eye and *contemplative* mind.—I cannot wonder that persons in high life are so fond of retiring from a conspicuous and exalted station, to the covert of a shady grove, or the margin of a chrystal stream : are so desirous of quitting the smoaky town, and noisy street, in order to breath purer air, and survey the wonders of creation in the silent, the serene, the peaceful villa.

“’Tis true in the country, there are none of the modish, I had almost said, meritricious ornaments of that *false* politeness, which refines people out of their veracity, but an easy simplicity of manners, with an unaffected sincerity of mind.—Here the solemn farce of ceremony is seldom brought into play, and the pleasing delusions of a compliment have no place ; but the brow is the *real* index of the temper, and speech the *genuine* interpreter of the heart.

“In the country, I acknowledge, we are

seldom invited to see the *mimic* attempts of human art; but we, every where, behold the grand and masterly exertions of divine power.—No *theatre* erects its narrow stage, fourrounds it with puny rows of ascending seats, or adorns it with a shifting series of gorgeous scenery. But *fields* extend their ample area, at first lightly clad with a scarf of springing green, then deeply planted with an arrangement of spindling stalks; as a few more weeks advance, covered with a profusion of bearded or husky grain, at last richly laden with a harvest of yellow plenty.

“ *Meadows* disclose their beautiful bosom, yield a soft and fertile lap for the luxuriant herbage, and suckle myriads of the fairest, gayest flowers; which, without any vain ostentation, or jealous anxiety, rival each other in all the elegance of dress,—*Groves* of various leaf, arrayed in freshest verdure, and liberal of their reviving shade, rise in amiable, in noble prospect, all around.—*Droves* of sturdy oxen, strong for labour, or fat for the shambles; *herds* of sleeky kine, with milk in their udders, and violets in their nostrils; *flocks* of well fleeced sheep, with their snowy lambkins frisking at their side; these compose the living machinery. Boundless tracts of bending *azure*, varnished with inimitable delicacy, and hung with starry lamps, or irradiated with solar lustre form the state-

ly ceiling.—While the early breezes and the evening gales, charged with no unwholesome vapours, breeding no pestilential taint, but fanning the humid buds, and waving their odoriferous wings, dispense a profusion of *sweets*, mingled with the most sovereign supports of health.—This is the school of industry ! this the magazine of plenty ! and are they not incomparably *more delightful*, as well as infinitely *less dangerous* than those seminaries of lewdness and impiety, where sin and ruin wear the mask of pleasure ? than those temples of profuseness and debauchery, where Belial is daily or nightly worshipped with what his votaries call, modish recreation, and genteel amusement ?

“ Here, indeed, is no tuneful *voice* to melt in strains of amorous anguish, and transfuse the sickening fondness to the hearer’s breast. No skilful artist to inform the *lute* with musical enchantment ; to strike infectious melody from the viol, and sooth away the resolution and activity of virtue, in wanton desires, or voluptuous indolence.—But the *plains* low, the *hills* bleat, and the hollow circling *rocks* echo with the universal song. Every valley murmurs to the fall of silver fountains, or the liquid lapse of gurgling rills.—Birds, when the cheerful morning rises, or the gentle evening descends, perched on a thousand boughs, play a thousand airs,

wildly, yet sweetly, harmonious. And did ever music exceed their untaught sprightly warblings? or can any colours outvie their gay and glossy plumage?

“ Charmed, therefore, with the finest views, lulled with the softest sounds, and treated with the richest odours, what can be wanting to complete the delight? here is *every* entertainment for the eye, the most refined gratification for the ear, and a *perpetual* banquet for the smell, without any insidious decoy, for the integrity of our conduct, or even for the purity of our fancy.

“ O ye blooming walks and flowry lawns surrounded with dewy landscapes? how often have *patriots* and *heroes* laid aside the burden of power, and stole away from the glare of grandeur, to enjoy themselves in your composed retreats!—ye mossy couches and fragrant bowers, skirted with cooling cascades! how many *illustrious* personages, after all their glorious toil for the public good, have sought an honorable and welcome repose in your downy lap? ye venerable oaks and solemn groves! woods that whisper to the quivering gale! cliffs that overhang the darkened flood! who can number the *sages* and *saints* that have devoted the day to study, or resigned a vacant hour to healthy exercise beneath your syl-

van porticos and waving arches? that, far from the dull impertinence of man, have listened to the instructive voice of God, and contemplated the works of his adorable hand, amidst your moss-grown cells and rocky shades?—How *inelegant*, or how *insensible* is the mind, which has no awakened lively relish for these sweet recesses and their exquisite beauties!

A DESCRIPTION OF CAMILLUS'S GARDENS,
AND THE BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT FROM
HIS SUMMER-HOUSE.

THERON and Aspasio walked several times along a close shady alley, arched with the foliage of *filberts*. Here, hid from every eye, and the whole world withdrawn from our view, we seemed like *monks* strolling in their cloisters.—Turning short at the end, we enter a parallel range of majestic and uniformly spreading *walnut-trees*. This transition was somewhat like advancing through a low porch into the aisles of a magnificent cathedral. The broad leaf and large trunk of those lordly trees, their very diffusive spread, added to their prodigious height, give them an air of uncommon dignity. It

swells the imagination with vast ideas, and entertains us with a romantic kind of delight, to expatiate amidst such huge columns, and under such superb elevations of living architecture.

Quitting our cathedral, we turn once again, and pass into a grand colonade of oaks; so regular in their situation, so similar in their size, and so remarkably correspondent in every circumstance, that they looked like the *twins* of nature, not only belonging to the same family, but produced at the same birth.—Through these lay a walk, straight, spacious, and gracefully long; far exceeding the last in the extent of its area, though much inferior in the stateliness of its ceiling. It put me in mind of that divine benignity, which has allowed us the space of *six* days for the prosecution of our own comparatively low affairs, and set apart but *one* in seven for the more immediate attendance on the sublime duty of worshipping our Creator.

This walk was covered with the neatest gravel, and not a weed to be seen, nor one blade of grass, through the whole extended surface. It stole into a continual ascent; yet so very gradually, that the rise was scarce discernable, either by the searching eye, the toiling feet, or the panting breath.—At

the extremity, a handsome *summer-house* shewed a flight of steps, and half a *Venetian* door. The rest of the building was hid by the low hung clustering branches.

As soon as we enter the apartment, Camillus throws open the left hand sash, and with it a most enlarged and amusive *prospect*.—The structure appeared situate on the brow of a considerable eminence, whose sides were partly confused and wild with broken rocks, partly shagged and perplexed with thorny shrubs. The spectator is agreeably surprised to find himself accommodated with so *elegant* a mansion, on the summit of so *rude* and *ruinous* a spot.—But how greatly is his surprise and his satisfaction augmented, when he casts his eye forward, and beholds the beautiful *meads*, which, from the foot of this ragged hill, stretch themselves into a space almost unmeasurable!

Through the midst of this extensive vale, which was decked with the finest verdure, and replenished with the richest herbage, a *river* rolled its copious flood; rolled, in a thousand serpentine *meanders*, as though it was loth to leave the flowry scene, and made repeated efforts to prolong its stay amidst such lovely objects.—Till, at last, having loitered in its own labyrinths, and wandered more than twice the length of the

meadows, having held a mirror to the aspiring poplars and bending willows; having paid a welcome salute to several ornamental *villas*, and passed through the arches of two or three curiously pendent bridges; it seemed to meet the sky, and mingle with the horizon.

Opposite to the front window, a *cascade* fell from the adjacent stream. It flashed and foamed along the broad slope, indented with small pits, and jagged with protuberant stones. The current, vexed and embarrassed, seemed to *rave* at the intervening obstacles, and forcing its rapid, indignant, sonorous way, struck the ear with a peal of liquid thunder. These fretful waters, let our *angry* passions observe the admonition, and follow the example, soon forgot their rage, soon recovered their temper: collected into a little rivulet, they ran off in calm and silent lapse, till they lost themselves amongst beds of osier, and plantations of alder.

The river, widening as it flowed, was parted here and there by several little islands. Scattered as it were, by the hand of chance, and raising their green heads in the midst of the lucid stream, they presented a most unexpected, and most pleasing spectacle. Some were tufted with reeds, and surrounded with rocks and shoals, the unmolested resort of

swans. Some adorned with stately *porticos* and splendid *alcoves*, the graceful retreats of rural pleasure. One, larger than the rest, seemed to be furnished with cool embowering walks, fitted for studious retirement, or sedate contemplation.—On either side of the charming valley, towns and villages lay thick, and looked gay, adding ornament and variety to the scene, and receiving innumerable advantages from the passing wave.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIOUS CHANGES
OF NATURE, AND THEIR EFFECTS ON
THE NATURAL, AS WELL AS MORAL
WORLD.

WHEN *day* arises on our benighted hemisphere, it breaks and spreads by a gradual increase, forming, first, the grey twilight, next the blushing morn, then the shining light, till all is heightened into the blaze and glow of noon.—When *Spring* revisits our wintry clime, she also advances by gentle degrees; first, swells the bud, and protrudes the gem; then expands the leaf, and unfolds the blossom. The face of things is continually changing for the bet-

ter, till at length all the country is covered with bloom and verdure.—This leisurely process, renders the *strong* effulgence of the celestial orb more supportable, and the *lovely* expansions of the vegetable creation more observable.

All the entertainments of nature are calculated to secure our innocence, as well as to gratify our fancy; and what is another very agreeable circumstance, those gratifications which afford the sublimest pleasure to the mind, are exhibited *gratis*.

HERON'S EVENING MEDITATIONS ON AS-
PASIO'S DISCOURSE.

THE last evening was one of the finest I ever saw. According to custom I made an excursion into the open fields, and wanted nothing to complete the satisfaction, but my friend's company. I could not but observe how much your improving conversation heightened the charms of nature. When religion applied *philosophy*, every thing was *instructive*, as well as *pleasing*.—Not a breeze swept over the plains to clear the sky, and cool the air; but it tended also to

disperse our doubts, and enliven our faith in the Supreme All-sufficient *Good*.—Not a cloud tinged the firmament with radiant colours, or amused the sight with romantic shapes, but we beheld a picture of the present world. Its *fading* acquisitions and *fantastic* joys were pourtrayed in the mimic forms and transitory scene.—Even the weakest of the insect tribe, that skim the air in sportive silence, addressed us with the strongest incitements, and gave us the loudest calls to be *active* in our day, and *useful* in our generation. They cried, at least when you lent them your tongue,

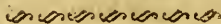
“ Such is vain life, an idle flight of days,
 “ A still delusive round of sickly joys,
 “ A scene of little cares, and trifling passions,
 “ If not ennobled by the deeds of virtue.”

How often, at the approach of sober eve, have we sauntered through the dusky glade, observing the last remains of light, now impurpling the western clouds, now faintly gleaming on the mountain's brow, now creeping insensibly from all the shady landscape.—How often have we stole along the cloysters of some leafy bower, attentive to the tale of a *querulous* current, that seemed to be struck with horror at the awful gloom, and complained with heavier murmurs as it passed under the blackening shades, and along the root-obstructed channel.—Or else,

far from the bubbling brook, and softly treading the grassy path, we listened to the *nightingale's* song; while every gale held its breath, and all the leaves forbore their motion, that they might neither drown nor interrupt the melodious woe.—From both which pensive strains, you endeavoured to temper and chastise the exuberant gaiety of my spirits. You convinced me that *true* joy is a serious thing; is the child of sedate thought, not the spawn of intemperate mirth; nursed, not by the sallies of dissolute merriment, but by the exercise of serene contemplation.

Sometimes at the gladsome return of morn, we have ascended an airy eminence, and hailed the new-born day, gazed the dew-bright earth, and followed, with our delighted eye, the mazes of some glittering stream.—Here, *rushing* with impetuous fury over the mountain's summits, tumbling from rock to rock, and roaring down the craggy steep. Impatient, as it were, to get free from such rugged paths, and mingle itself with the adjacent mead.—There, slackening its headlong career, and soothing its eddies into a glassy surface, and a gentle flow. While deep embosomed in the verdant soil, it *winds* through the cherished and smiling herbage; sometimes lost amidst the closing willows, sometimes issuing with fresh lustre from the

verdant arch, always roving with an air of amorous complacency, as though it would kiss the fringed banks, and caress the flowry glebe!—Reminded, by this watry monitor, of that constancy and vigor with which the affections should move towards the great centre of happiness, *Christ Jesus*,—of that determined ardour with which we should break through the entanglements of temptation, and obstacles of the world, in order to reach our everlasting *rest*—and of the mighty difference between the turbulent, the frothy, the precipitate gratifications of vice, and the calm, the substantial, the permanent delights of *religion*.



DESCRIPTION OF A COUNTRY CHURCH.

IT was an ancient pile; reared by hands, that, ages ago, were mouldered into dust; situate in the centre of a large burial ground; remote from all the noise and hurry of tumultuous life; the body spacious; the structure lofty; the whole magnificently plain. A row of regular pillars extended themselves through the midst; supporting the roof with simplicity, and with dignity. The light that passed through

the windows, seemed to shed a kind of luminous obscurity, which gave every object a grave and venerable air.—The deep silence, added to the gloomy aspect, and both heightened by the loneliness of the place, greatly increased the solemnity of the scene.—A sort of religious dread stole insensibly on my mind, while I advanced, all pensive and thoughtful, along the inmost aisle: such a dread, as hushed every ruder passion, and dissipated all the gay images of an alluring world.

Meditations among the Tombs.

Mr Rogers has been in

MORAL BEAUTIES;

EXTRACTED FROM THE

MEDITATIONS.

DEATH BRINGS ALL UPON A LEVEL.

EXAMINING the records of mortality, I found the memorials of a promiscuous multitude. They were huddled, at least they rested, together, without any regard to rank or seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermost rooms, or chief seats in this house of mourning. None entertained fond and eager expectations of being honorably greeted, in their darksome cells. The man of years and experience, reputed as an oracle in his generation, was content to lie down at the feet of a babe. In this house appointed for all living, the servant was equally accommodated, and lodged in the same story, with his master. The poor indigent lay as softly, and slept as soundly, as the most opulent possessor. All the distinction that subsisted, was a grassy hillock, bound with osiers; or a sepulchral stone, ornamented with imagery.

THE SEPULCHRE'S PERTINENT ADDRESS TO
MAN.

BEye always ready : for in such an hour as
ye think not—Important admonition !
 methinks it reverberates from sepulchre to
 sepulchre ; and addresses me with line upon
 line, precept upon precept.—The reiterated
 warning, I acknowledge, is too needful ;
 may co-operating grace render it effectual !
 The momentous truth, though worthy to
 be *engraven* on the tables of a most tenaci-
 ous memory, is but slightly *sketched* on the
 transient flow of passion. We see our neigh-
 bours fall ; we turn pale at the shock ; and
 feel, perhaps a trembling dread. No soon-
 er are they removed from our sight, but,
 driven in the whirl of business or lulled in
 the languors of pleasure, we forget the pro-
 vidence, and neglect its errand. The im-
 pression made on our unstable minds, is like
 the trace of an arrow, through the penetrat-
 ed air ; or the path of a keel in the furrow-
 ed wave.

AN AFFECTING REPRESENTATION OF A
DYING CHRISTIAN, WITH THE SORROW
OF HIS FAMILY.

THERE lies the affectionate husband ; the indulgent parent ; the faithful friend ; and the generous master. He lies in the last extremities, and on the very point of dissolution. Art has done its all. The raging disease mocks the power of medicine. It hastens with resifless impetuosity, to execute its dreadful errand ; to rend asunder the silver cord of life, and the more delicate tie of social attachment, and conjugal affection.

A servant or two, from a revering distance, cast many a wishful look, and console their honored master, in the language of sighs. The condescending mildness of his commands, was wont to produce alacrity of obedience, and render their service a pleasure. The remembrance of it both embitters their grief, and makes it trickle plentifully down their honest cheeks. His friends, who have so often shared his joys, and gladdened his mind with their enlivening converse, now are miserable comforters. A sympathising and mournful pity, is all the relief they are able to contribute ; unless it be augmented by their silent prayers for the

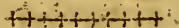
divine succor, and a word of consolation suggested from the Scriptures. Those poor innocents, the children crowd around the bed; drowned in tears, and almost frantic with grief, they sob out their little souls, and passionately cry, "Will he leave us? leave us in a helpless condition! leave us to an injurious world!"



A LIVELY PICTURE OF A TENDER WIFE,
MOURNING THE EXPECTED LOSS OF AN
INDULGENT HUSBAND.

IN her, the lover weeps; the wife mourns; and all the mother yearns. To her, the loss is beyond measure aggravated, by months and years of delightful society, and exalted friendship.—Where, alas! can she meet with such unsuspected fidelity, or repose such unreserved confidence? where find so discreet a counsellor; so improving an example; and a guardian so sedulously attentive to the interests of herself, and her children?—See how she hangs over the languishing bed; most tenderly, solicitous to prolong a life, important and desirable far beyond her own. Or, if that be impracticable, no less tenderly officious to sooth the

last agonies of her dearer self.—Her hands, trembling under direful apprehensions, wipe the cold dews from the livid cheeks; and sometimes stay the sinking head on her gentle arms; sometimes rest it on her compassionate bosom.—See! how the gazes, with a speechless ardor, on the pale countenance, and meagre features. Speechless her tongue; but she looks unutterable things. While all her soft passions throb with unavailing fondness and her soul bleeds with exquisite anguish.



AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD
MAN IN THE VIEWS OF DEATH.

THE sufferer, all patient and adoring, submits to the divine will; and, by submission, becomes superior to his affliction. He is sensibly touched with the disconsolate state of his attendants; and pierced with an anxious concern for his wife and his children. His wife who will soon be a destitute widow; his children, who will soon be helpless orphans. “Yet, though cast down, not in despair.” He is greatly refreshed, by his trust in the everlasting covenant, and his hope of approaching glory. Religion gives

and dignity to distress. At each interval of ease, he comforts his very comforters, and suffers with all the majesty of woe.

The soul, just going to abandon the tottering clay, collects all her force, and exerts her last efforts. The good man raises himself on his pillow; extends a kind hand to his servants, which is bathed in tears; takes an affecting farewell of his friends; clasps his wife in a feeble embrace; kisses the dear pledges of their mutual love; and then pours out all that remains of life and of strength, in the following words;—"I die my dear children; but GOD, the everlasting GOD, will be with you.—Though you lose an *earthly* parent, you have a Father in Heaven who lives for evermore.—Nothing, *nothing* but an unbelieving heart, and irreligious life, can ever separate you from the regards of his providence—from the endearments of his love."

He could proceed no farther. His heart was full; but utterance failed.—After a short pause, with difficulty, great difficulty, he added;—"You the dear partner of my soul, you are now the only protector of our orphans.—I leave you under a weight of cares.—But GOD, who defendeth the cause of the widow—GOD, whose promise is faithfulness and truth—God hath said I

“will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—This
 “revives my drooping spirits—Let this sup-
 “port the wife of my bosom—And now, O
 “Father of compassions, into thy hands I
 “commend my spirit—encouraged by thy
 “promised goodness, *I leave my fatherless.*”—

Here he fainted; fell back upon the bed; and lay, for some minutes, bereft of his senses. As a taper, upon the very point of extinction, is sometimes suddenly rekindled, and leaps into a quivering flame: so life, before it totally expired, gave a parting struggle, and once more looked abroad from the opening eye lids.—He would fain have spoke; fain have uttered the sentence, he began. More than once he essayed; but the organs of his speech were become like a broken vessel, and nothing but the obstructing phlegm rattled in his throat. His aspect, however, spoke affection inexpressible. With all the father, all the husband still living in his looks; he takes one more view of those dear children, whom he had so often beheld with a parental triumph. He turns his dying eyes on that beloved woman, whom he never beheld but with a glow of delight. Fixed in this posture, amidst smiles of love, and under a gleam of Heaven, he shines out his last.

THE CHAMBERS OF THE TOMB PORTRAYED.

YONDER entrance leads, I suppose to the vault. Let me turn aside, and take one view of the habitation, and its tenants. The sullen door grates upon its hinges; not used to receive many visitants, it admits me with reluctance, and murmurs. —What meaneth this sudden trepidation; while I descend the steps, and am visiting the pale nations of the dead? —Be composed my spirits, there is nothing to fear in these quiet chambers. “Here, even the wick-
“ed cease from troubling.”

A beam or two finds its way through the grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer from the nails of the coffins. So many of those sad spectacles, half concealed in shades, half seen dimly by the baleful twilight, add a deeper horror to these gloomy mansions. — I pore upon the inscriptions, and am just able to pick out, that these are the remains of the rich and renowned. No vulgar dead are deposited here. The most illustrious and right honourable have claimed this for their last retreat. And, indeed, they retain somewhat of a shadowy pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful order, and in a sort of silent pomp, under the arches of an ample sepulchre; while meaner corpses,

without much ceremony, "go down to the stones of the pit."

THE TOMB KNOWS NO DISTINCTIONS OF
TITLES OR ESTATES.

THOSE who received vast revenues, and called whole lordships their own, are here reduced to half a dozen feet of earth, or confined in a few sheets of lead. Rooms of state, and sumptuous furniture, are resigned for no other ornament than the shroud; for no other apartment than the darksome niche.—Where is the star that blazed upon the breast, or coronet that glittered round the temples? the only remains of departed dignity are, the weather-beaten hatchment, and the tattered escutcheon. I see no splendid retinue surrounding this solitary dwelling. The lordly equipage hovers no longer about the lifeless master.—He has no other attendant than a dusty statue; which while the regardless world is as gay as ever, the sculptor's hand has taught to weep.

IMPORTANT LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE
TOMBS OF NOBLES.

I THANK you; ye relics of sounding titles and magnificent names. Ye have taught me more of the littleness of the world, than all the volumes of my library. Your nobility arrayed in a winding sheet; your grandeur mouldering in an urn; are the most indisputable proofs of the *nothingness* of created things. Never, surely, did Providence write this important point in such legible characters as in the ashes of *my lord*, or on the corpse of *his grace*.

* * * * *

THE BENEFITS OF FAITH IN THE SON OF
GOD.

O YE timorous souls, that are terrified at the sound of the passing bell; that turn pale at the sight of an opened grave, and can scarce behold a coffin or a skull, without a shuddering horror: ye that are in bondage to the grisly tyrant, and tremble at the shaking of his iron rod, cry mightily to the father of your spirits, for faith in his dear Son. Faith will free you from your slavery. Faith will embolden you to tread

on (this fiercest of) serpents. Old Simeon clasping the child Jesus in the arms of his flesh, and the glorious Mediator in the arms of his faith, departs with tranquility and peace. That bitter persecutor Saul, having won Christ, being found in Christ, longs to be dismissed from cumbrous clay, and kindles into rapture at the prospect of dissolution.

A PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S MORN.

THE air was cool, the earth moist, the whole face of the creation fresh and gay. The noisy world was scarce awake. Business had not quite shook off his sound sleep, and riot had but just reclined his giddy head. All was serene; all was still: every thing tended to inspire tranquility of mind, and invite to serious thought.

Only the wakeful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day. Elevated in air, she seemed to call the laborious husbandman to his toil, and all her fellow-songsters to their notes.

THE SUN-RISING DESCRIBED.

THE greyness of the dawn decays gradually. Abundance of ruddy streaks tinge the fleeces of the firmament. Till at length the dappled aspect of the east is lost in one ardent and boundless blush.

THE USEFULNESS OF THE SUN ILLUSTRATED.

WHAT were all the realms of the world but a dungeon of darkness without the beams of the sun? All their fine scenes hid from our view, lost in obscurity.—In vain we roll around our eyes in the midnight gloom. In vain we strive to behold the features of amiable nature. Turn whither we will, no form or comeliness appears. All seems a dreary waste, an undistinguished chaos; till the returning hours have unbarred the gates of light, and let forth the morn.—Then what a prospect opens! The heavens are paved with azure, and strewed with roses. A variety of the liveliest verdure arrays the plains. The flowers put on a glow of the richest colours.

The whole creation stands forth dressed in all the charms of beauty. The ravished eye looks round and wonders.

A DESCRIPTION OF RURAL NATURE.

THE fields are covered deep, and stand thick with corn. They expand the milky grain to the sun, while the gales, now inclining, now raising each flexile stem, open all their ranks to the agency of his beams; which will soon impart a firm consistence to the grain, and a glossy golden hue to the ear, that they may be qualified to fill the barns of the husbandman with plenty, and his heart with gladness.

Yonder lie the meadows, smoothed into a perfect level; decorated with an embroidery of the gayest flowers, and loaded with spontaneous crops of herbage. A winding stream glides along the flowry margin, and receives the image of the bending skies; and waters the roots of many a branching willow.

The pastures, with their verdant mounds, chequer the prospect, and prepare a standing repast for our cattle.

On several spots, a grove of trees, like some grand colonade erects its towering head. Every one projects a friendly shade for the beasts, and creates an hospitable lodging for the birds. Every one stands ready to furnish timber for a palace, masts for a navy, or, with a more condescending courtesy, fuel for our hearths.



A FRUIT GARDEN AND AN ORCHARD IN
THEIR SUMMER ARRAY

NEARER the houses, we perceive an ample spread of branches, not so stately as the oaks, but more amiable for their annual services. A little while ago, I beheld them, and all was one beauteous boundless waste of blossoms. But now, the blooming maid is resigned for the useful matron. The flower is fallen, and the fruit swells out on every twig.—Breathe soft, ye winds!—O spare the tender fruitage, ye surly blasts! let the pear-tree suckle her juicy progeny, till they drop into our hands, and dissolve in our mouths. Let the plumb hang unmolested upon her boughs, till she fatten her delicious flesh; and cloud her polished skin with blue. And as for the apples,

that staple commodity of our orchards, let no injurious shocks precipitate them immaturally to the ground, till revolving suns have tinged them with a ruddy complexion, and concocted them into an exquisite flavour.

A KITCHEN GARDEN AND ITS PRODUCTS.

I OBSERVE several small inclosures, which seem to be apprehensive of some hostile visit from the north, and, therefore, are defended on that quarter by a thick wood, or a lofty wall. At the same time, they cultivate an uninterrupted correspondence with the south, and throw open their whole dimensions to its friendly warmth.—One, in particular, lies within the reach of a distinguishing view, and proves to be a kitchen-garden. It looks, methinks, like a plain and frugal republic. Whatever may resemble the pomp of courts, or the ensign of royalty, is banished from this humble community.—A skilful hand has parcelled out the whole ground into narrow beds, and intervening alleys. Why does the parsley with her frizzled locks shag the border; or why the celery, with her whitning arms, perforate the mould, but to render the soups

of the owner's savoury? The asparagus shoots its tapering stems, to offer him the first fruits of the season; and the artichoke spreads its turgid top to give him a treat of vegetable marrow. The tendrils of the cucumber creep into the sun; and, though basking in its hottest rays, they secrete for their master, and barrel up for his use the most cooling juices of the soil. The beans stand firm, like files of embattled troops—the peas rest upon their props, like so many companies of invalids, while both replenish their pods with the fatness of the earth, on purpose to pour it on their owner's table.

* * * * *

NATURE AND ART CONTRASTED.

HERE nature, always pleasing, every where lovely, appears with peculiar attractions. Yonder she seems dressed in her dishabille; grand but irregular. Here, she calls in her hand-maid art, and shines in all the delicate ornaments which the nicest cultivation is able to convey. Those are her common apartments where she lodges her ordinary guests; this, is her cabinet of curiosities, where she entertains her intimate acquaintance.—My eye shall often ex-

patiate over those scenes of universal fertility : my feet shall sometimes brush through the thicket, or traverse the lawn, or stroll along the forest glade ; but to this delightful retreat shall be my chief resort. Thither will I make excursions : but here will I dwell.*



FLOWRY BEAUTIES PLEASINGLY REPRESENTED.

WHAT colours, what charming colours are here ! These, so nobly bold, and those so delicately languid. What a glow is enkindled in some ! what a gloss shines upon others ! In one, methinks, I see the ruby with her bleeding radiance ; in another, the sapphire with her sky-tinctured blue ! in all, such an exquisite richness of dyes, as no other set of paintings in the universe can boast. Some assume the monarch's purple ; some look most becoming in the virgin's white ; but black, doleful black, has no admittance into the wardrobe of Spring. The weeds of mourning

* An instance this of Mr. Hervey's predilection in favour of a country life.

would be a manifest indecorum, when nature holds an universal festival. Here stands a warrior clad with crimson, there sits a magistrate robed in scarlet, and yonder struts a pretty fellow that seems to have dipped his plumes in the rainbow, and glitters in all the gay colours of that resplendent arch. Some rise into a curious cup, or fall into a set of beautiful bells. Some spread themselves in a swelling turf, or croud into a delicious cluster. In some the predominant stain softens by the gentle diminutions, till it has even stole away from itself.



THE GRAND CAUSE OF VEGETATION, AND THE GROWTH OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

THE moisture of the earth, and of the circumambient air, passed through proper strainers, and disposed in a range of pellucid tubes: this performs all the wonders, and produces all the beauties of vegetation. This creeps along the fibres of the low-spread moss, and climbs to the very tops of the lofty-waving cedars. This, attracted by the root, and circulating thro' invisible canals; this bursts into gems; ex-

pands itself into leaves, and clothes the forest with all its verdant honours.—This one plain and simple cause gives birth to all the charms which deck the youth and maturity of the year. This blushes in the early hepatica, and flames in the late advancing poppy. This reddens into blood in the veins of the mulberry, and attenuates itself into leafen gold, to create a covering for the quince. This breathes, in all the fragrant gales of our garden; and weeps odorous gum in the groves of Arabia.



TULIPS AND PINKS, EMBLEMS OF THE DIFFERENCES AMONG CHRISTIANS.

IN a grove of tulips, or a knot of pinks, one perceives a difference in almost every individual. Scarce any two are are turned and tintured exactly alike. Each allows himself a little particularity in his dress, though all belong to one family.—A pretty emblem this of the smaller differences between Protestant Christians. There are modes in religion which admit of variation, without prejudice to sound faith or real holiness. Just as the drapery, on these pictures of the spring, may be formed after a

variety of patterns, without blemishing their beauty, or altering their nature.—Be it so then, that, in some points of inconsiderable consequence, several of our brethren dissent: yet let us all live amicably and sociably together; for we harmonize in *principles*, though we vary in *punctilios*. If any strife subsists, let it be to follow our Divine Master most closely, in humility of heart, and unblameableness of life. Let it be to serve one another most readily, in all the kind offices of a cordial friendship. Thus shall we be united, though distinguished; united in the same grand fundamentals, tho' distinguished by some small circumstantialia; united in one important bond of brotherly love, though distinguished by some slighter peculiarities of sentiment.

* * * * *

FLOWERS POURTRAYED IN LIVELY COLOURS.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, recommending and endearing the flowry creation, is their regular succession. They make not their appearance all at once, but in an orderly rotation. While a proper number of these obliging retainers are in waiting, the

others abscond; but hold themselves in a posture of service, ready to take their turn, and fill each his respective station the instant it becomes vacant.—The snow-drop, foremost of the lovely train, breaks her way through the frozen soil, in order to present her early compliments to her Lord. Dressed in the robe of innocence, she steps forth, fearless of danger, long before the trees have ventured to unfold their leaves, even while the icicles are pendent on our houses. Next peeps out the crocus, but cautiously, and with an air of timidity. She hears the howling blasts, and skulks close to her low situation. Afraid she seems, to make large excursions from her root, while so many ruffian winds are abroad, and scouring along the æther.—Nor is the violet last in this shining embassy of the year. Which, with all the embellishments that would grace a royal garden, condescends to line our hedges, and grow at the feet of briars. Freely, and without any solicitation, she distributes the bounty of her emissive sweets; while herself, with an exemplary humility, retires from sight, seeking rather to administer pleasure, than to win admiration. Emblem, expressive emblem, of those modest virtues which delight to bloom in obscurity; which extend a cheering influence to multitudes, who are scarce acquainted with the source of their comforts! Motive, en-

gaging motive, to that ever active benefi-
cence, which stays not for the importunity
of the distressed, but anticipates their suit,
and prevents them with the blessing of its
goodness.

The poor polyanthus, that lately adorned
the border with their sparkling beauties, and
transplanted into our windows, gave us a
fresh entertainment, is now more; I saw her
complexion fade; I perceived her breath
decay; till at length she expired, and
dropt into her grave.—Scarce have we
sustained this loss, but in comes the auricu-
la, and more than retrieves it.—Arrayed
she comes, in a splendid variety of amiable
forms, with an eye of chrysal, and garments
of the most glossy satin, exhaling perfume,
and powdered with silver. Scarce one a-
mong them but is dignified with the charac-
ter of renown, or has the honour to repre-
sent some celebrated host. But these also,
notwithstanding their illustrious titles, have
exhausted their whole stock of fragrance,
and are mingled with the meanest dust.—
Who could forbear grieving at their depar-
ture, did not the tulips begin to raise them-
selves on their fine wands; or stately stalks
they flush the paterre with one of the gayest

See herein a picture of charity without ostentation, beauty
without vanity, and merit without pride.

dresses that blooming nature wears. Here one may behold the innocent wantonness of beauty. Here she indulges a thousand freaks, and sports herself in the most charming diversity of colours. Yet I should wrong her, were I to call her a coquette; because she plays her lovely changes, not to enkindle dissolute affections, but to display her Creator's glory.—Soon arises the anemone, encircled at the bottom with a spreading robe, and rounded at the top into a beautiful dome. In its loosely flowing mantle you may observe a noble negligence; in its gently bending tufts, the nicest symmetry. I would term it the fine gentleman of the garden; because it seems to have learnt the singular address of uniting simplicity with refinement; of reconciling art and ease.—The same month has the merit of producing the renunculus. All bold and graceful it expands the riches of its foliage, and acquires by degrees, the loveliest enamel in the world. Methinks nature improves in her operations. Her latest strokes are most masterly. To crown the collection, she introduces the carnation, which captivates every eye with a noble spread of graces, and charms every sense with a profusion of exquisite odours. This single flower has centred in itself the perfections of all the preceding. The moment it appears, it so commands our attention, that we scarce regret the absence of the

rest.—The gilly-flower, like a real friend, attends you through all the vicissitudes and alterations of the season. While others make a transient visit only, this is rather an inhabitant, than a guest in your gardens; adds fidelity to complaisance.



THE TIME, ORDER AND ADJUSTMENT OF
FLOWERS, EVIDENCE THE CREATOR'S
WISDOM.

LET me add one remark upon the admirable adjustment of every particular, relating to these fine colonies planted in the parterre.—With such accuracy and correctness is their structure finished, that any the least conceivable alteration would very much impair their perfection. Should you see, for instance, the nice disposition of the tulips attire fly abroad, disorderly and irregular, like the flaunting wood-bine; should the jessamine rear her diminutive head on those grand columns which support the hollihock; should the erect and manly aspect of the piony hang down with a pensive air, like the flexile bells of the hyacinth; should that noble plainness which distinguishes the lily, be exchanged for the glit-

tering fringes which edge the pink, or the gaudy stains which bedrop the iris; should those tapering pillars which arise in the middle of its vase, and tipped with golden pendants, give such a lustre to the surrounding panels of alabaster—should those shrink and disappear like the chives which cover the heart of the anemone.—In many of these cases, would not the transposition be fantastical and aukward? in all to the apparent prejudice of every individual?

Again; with regard to the time of their appearing, this circumstance is settled by a remarkable foresight and precaution.—What would become of the sailor, if, in very stormy weather, he should raise a lofty mast, and crowd it with all his canvases? Such would be the ill effect, if the most stately species of flowers should presume to come abroad in the blustering months. Ah! how would they rue the imprudent boldness! Therefore, those only that shoot the shortest stems, and display the smallest spread of leaves, or (if you please) carry the least sail, are launched amidst the blowing seasons.—How injudiciously would the perfumer act, if he should unseal his finest essences, and expose them to the northern winds, or wintry rains! our blooming artists of the aromatic profession, at least the most delicate among them, seem perfectly aware

of the consequences of such a procedure. Accordingly they postpone their odoriferous treasures, till a serener air, and more unclouded skies grant a protection to their amiable traffic, till they are under no more apprehensions of having their spicy cells risted by rude blasts, or drowned in incessant showers.

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AN ARGUMENT FOR CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

SINCE all the downward tracts of time
 God's watchful eye surveys;
 Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways?

Since none can doubt his equal love,
 Unmeasurably kind:
 To his unerring gracious will,
 Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

Good when he gives, supremely good;
 Nor less, when he denies;
 Ev'n crosses, from his sov'reign hand,
 Are blessings in disguise.

A COMMENT ON THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

THE earth is assigned to us for a dwelling.—The skies are stretched over us like a magnificent canopy, dyed in the purest azure, and beautified now with pictures of floating silver, now with colourings of reflected crimson.—The grass is spread under us, as a spacious carpet, wove with silken threads of green, and camasked with flowers of every hue.—The sun, like a golden lamp, is hung out in the ethereal vault; and pours his effulgence all the day to lighten our paths.—When night approaches, the moon takes up the friendly office, and the stars are kindled in twinkling myriads, to cheer the darkness with their milder lustre, not disturb our repose by too intense a glare.—The clouds, besides the rich paintings they hang around the heavens, act the part of a shifting screen, and defend us, by their seasonable interposition, from the scorching beams of summer. May we not also regard them as the great watering-pots of the globe? which, wafted on the wings of the wind, dispense their moisture evenly through the universal garden; and fructify, with their showers, whatever our hand plants.—The fields are our exhaustless granary.—The ocean is our vast reservoir.—

The animals spend their strength to dispatch our business, resign their clothing to replenish our wardrobe, and surrender their very lives to provide for our tables.—In short, every element is a store-house of conveniencies; every season brings us the choicest productions; all nature is our caterer.—And, which is a most endearing recommendation of these favours, they are all as lovely as they are useful. You observe nothing mean or inelegant.—All is clad in beauty's fairest robe, and regulated by proportion's nicest rule. The whole scene exhibits a fund of pleasures to the imagination, at the same time that it more than supplies all our wants.

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BIDDING FLOWERS EMBLEMATIC OF THE COVETOUS MAN.

ON every side I espy several budding flowers. As yet they are like bales of cloth from the packer's warehouse. Each is wrapped within a strong enlosure, and its contents are tied together by the firmest bandages; so that all their beauties lie concealed, and all their sweets are locked up. Just such is the niggardly wretch, whose

aims are all turned inward, and meanly terminated upon himself. Who makes his own private interests, or personal pleasures, the sole centre of his designs, and the scanty circumference of his actions.

* * * * *

ANTIDOTES AGAINST UNRULY PASSIONS.

DOES anger draw near with her lighted torch, to kindle the flame of resentment in our breasts? does flattery ply our ears with her enchanting and intoxicating whispers? would discontent lay her leaden hand upon our temper, and mould into our minds her four leaven, in order to make us a burden to ourselves, and unamiable to others? instantly let us divert our attention from the dangerous objects, and not so much endeavour to antidote, as to shun, the moral contagion. Let us revolve in our meditations, that wonderful meekness of our distressed Master; which, amidst the most abusive and provoking insults, maintained an uniform tenor of unshaken serenity. Let us contemplate that prodigious humiliation, which brought him from an infinite height above all worlds, to make his bed in the dust of death. Let us sooth

our jarring, our uneasy passions, with the remembrance of that cheerfulness and resignation, which rendered him, in the deepest poverty, unfeignedly thankful; and, under the heaviest tribulation, most submissively patient.

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IMPORTANT ADMONITIONS TO THE FAIR
SEX.

HARBOUR not, on any consideration, the betrayer of your virtue. Be deaf, inflexibly deaf, to every beguiling sollicitation. If it obtrude into the unguarded heart, give it entertainment, no, not for a moment. To parley with the enemy, is to open a door for destruction. Our safety consists in flight; and, in this case, suspicion is the truest prudence; fear the greatest bravery. Play not on the brink of the precipice: flutter not round the edges of the flame: dally not with the stings of death, but reject, with a becoming mixture of sollicitude and abhorrence, the very first insinuations of iniquity; as cautiously as the smarting sore shrinks even from the softest hand, as constantly as the sensitive plant recoils at the approaching touch.

CONSOLATIONS IN THE VIEWS OF DEATH.

FEAR not, thou faithful Christian; fear not, at the appointed time, to descend into the tomb. Thy soul thou mayst trust with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is lord of the unseen world; “who has the keys of hell and of death.” Most safely mayst thou trust thy better part in those beneficent hands, which were pierced with nails, and fastened to the ignominious tree for thy salvation.—With regard to the earthly tabernacle, be not dismayed. It is taken down, only to be rebuilt upon a diviner plan, and in a more heavenly form. If it retires into the shadow of death, and lies immured in the gloom of the grave; it is only to return from a short confinement to endless liberty. If it falls into dissolution, it is in order to rise more illustrious from its ruins, and wear an infinitely brighter face of perfection and of glory.

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A DESCRIPTION OF NOON.

THE sun blazes from on high; the air glows with his fire; the fields are

rent with chinks; the roads are scorched to dust; the woods seem to contract a sickly aspect, and a russet hue; the traveller, broiled as he rides, hastens to his inn, and intermits his journey; the labourer, bathed in sweat, drops the scythe, and desists from his work; the cattle flee to some shady covert, or else pant and toss under the burning noon. Even the stubborn rock, smit with the piercing beams, is ready to cleave. All things languish beneath the dazzling deluge.

THE BEAUTIES OF HERVEY.

 BEES, CONTRASTED WITH BUTTERFLIES
 AND SPIDERS!

THE bees, that nation of chymists to whom nature has communicated the rare and valuable secret of enriching themselves, without impoverishing others. Who extract the most delicious syrup from every fragrant herb, without wounding its substance, or diminishing its odours.—I take the more notice of these ingenious operators, because I would willingly make them my pattern; while the gay butterfly flutters her painted wings, and sips a little fantastic delight, only for the present moment;

while the gloomy spider, worse than idly busied, is preparing his insidious nets for destruction, or sucking venom, even from the most wholesome plant. This frugal community are wisely employed in providing for futurity, and collecting a copious stock of the most balmy treasures.

THE BEAUTIES OF A GARDEN.

HERE I behold, assembled in one view, almost all the various beauties which have been severally entertaining my imagination. The vistas, struck through an ancient wood, or formed by rows of venerable elms, conducting the spectator's observation to some remarkable object, or leading the travellers footsteps to this delightful seat:—the walls, enriched with fruit-trees, and faced with a covering of their leafy extensions, I should rather have said, hung with different pieces of nature's noblest tapestry:—the walks, neatly shorn, and lined with verdure, or finely smoothed, and coated with gravel:—the alleys, arched with shades to embower our noon-tide repose, or thrown open for the free accession of air, to invite us to our evening recrea-

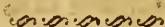
tion:—the decent edgings of box which inclose, like a plain selvage, each beautiful compartment, and its splendid figures:—the shapely ever-greens, and flowering shrubs, which strike the eye, and appear with peculiar dignity in this distant situation:—the basin, with its chrystal fount, floating in the centre, and diffusing an agreeable freshness through the whole:—the waters, falling from a remote cascade, and gently murmuring as they flow along the pebbles.

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THE EFFECTS OF HEAT AND COLD, WITH A
REFERENCE TO THE SAVIOUR OF THE
WORLD.

H EAT, whose burning influence parches the Lybian wilds, tans into soot the Ethiopian's complexion, and makes every species of life pant, and droop, and languish. Cold, whose icy breath glazes yearly the Russian seas, often glues the frozen sailor to the cordage, and stiffens the traveller into a statue of rigid flesh. He, who sometimes blends you both, and produces the most agreeable temperature, sometimes suffers you to act separately, and rage with

intolerable severity. That King of Heaven, and Controuler of universal nature, when dwelling in the tabernacle of clay, was exposed to chilling damps, and smitten by sultry beams. The stars, in their midnight watches, heard him pray; and the sun, in his meridian fervors, saw him toil.—Hence are our frozen hearts dissolved into a mingled flow of wonder, love, and joy, being conscious of a deliverance from those insufferable flames, which, kindled by divine indignation, burn to the lowest hell.



MEADOWS AND FIELDS DESCRIBED, WITH
A REFERENCE TO THE GREAT REDEEMER
OF MANKIND.

YE luxuriant meadows; he who, without the seedsmen's industry, replenishes your irriguous lap, with never-failing crops of herbage, enamels their cheerful green, with flowers of every hue.—Ye fertile fields; he who blesses the labours of the husbandman, enriches your well-tilled plains with waving harvests, and calls forth the staff of life from your furrows. He, who causes both meadows and fields to laugh and sing, for the abundance of plenty. He

was no stranger to corroding hunger and parching thirst. He, alas! eat the bitter bread of woe, and had "plenteousness of tears to drink."—That we might partake of richer dainties than those which are produced by the dew of heaven, and proceed from the fatness of the earth.



PRECIOUS STONES DESCRIBED, WITH A REFERENCE TO THE GREAT CREATOR.

YE beds of gems, toy-shops of nature! which form, in dark retirement, the glittering stone. Diamonds that sparkle with a brilliant water, rubies that glow with a crimson flame, emeralds dipped in the freshest verdure of Spring, sapphires decked with the fairest drapery of the sky, topaz emblazed with a golden gleam, amethyst impurpled with the blushes of the morning.—He who tinctures the metallic dust, and consolidates the lucid drop; he, when sojourning on earth, had no riches, but the riches of disinterested benevolence; had no ornament, but the ornament of unspotted purity.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SILK WORM.

SHALL I mention the animal which spins her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine silken thread? whose matchless manufactures lend an ornament to grandeur, and make royalty itself more magnificent.— Shall I take notice of the cell, in which, when the gaiety and business of life are over, the little recluse immures herself, and spends the remainder of her days in retirement? Shall I rather observe the sepulchre, which, when cloyed with pleasure and weary of the world, she prepares for her own interment? Or how, when a stated period is elapsed, she wakes from a death-like inactivity, breaks the inclosure of her tomb, throws off the dusky shroud, assumes a new form, puts on a more sumptuous array, and, from an insect creeping on the ground, becomes a winged inhabitant of the air.

THE HAPPINESS OF GLORIFIED SPIRITS.

YE spirits of just men, made perfect; who are released from the burden of the flesh; and freed from all the vexatious

solicitations of corruption in yourselves, delivered from all the injurious effects of iniquity in others. Who sojourn no longer in the tents of strife, or the territories of disorder, but are received into that pure, harmonious, holy society, where every one acts up to his amiable and exalted character, where God himself is pleased graciously and immediately to preside.—You find not without pleasing astonishment, your hopes improved into actual enjoyment, and your faith superseded by the beatific vision. You feel all your former shyness of behaviour, happily lost in the overflowings of unbounded love, and all your little differences of opinion entirely bore down by tides of invariable truth.

EVENING THE TIME FOR REFLECTION.

THE evening, drawing her sables over the world, and gently darkening into night, is a season peculiarly proper for sedate consideration. All circumstances concur to hush our passions, and sooth our cares; to tempt our steps abroad, and prompt our thoughts to serious reflection.

A PLEASANT RURAL WALK DESCRIBED.

THE business of the day dispatched, and the fultry heats abated, invited me to the recreation of a walk. A walk, in one of the finest recesses of the country, and in one of the most pleasant evenings which the summer season produced.

The limes and elms, uniting their branches over my head, formed a verdant canopy, and cast a most refreshing shade. Under my feet lay a carpet of nature's velvet; grass intermingled with moss, and embroidered with flowers. Jessamines in conjunction with woodbines, twined around the trees, displaying their artless beauties to the eye, and diffusing their delicious sweets through the air. On either side, the boughs, rounded into a set of regular arches, opened a view into the distant fields, and presented me with a prospect of the bending skies. The little birds, all joyous and grateful for the favours of the light, were paying their acknowledgments in a tribute of harmony, and soothing themselves to rest with songs. While a French horn from a neighbouring seat, sent its melodious accents, softened by the length of their passage; to complete the concert of the grove.

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY AND PROPERTY.

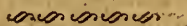
LIBERTY, that dearest of names, and property, that best of charters, give an additional, an inexpressible charm to every delightful object.—See how the declining sun has beautified the western clouds; has arrayed them in crimson, and skirted them with gold. Such a refinement of our domestic bliss, is property; such an improvement of our public privileges, is liberty.—When the lamp of day shall withdraw his beams, there will still remain the same collection of floating vapours; but O! how changed, how gloomy! the carnation streaks are faded; the golden edgings are worn away; and all the lovely tinges are lost in a leaden-coloured louring sadness. Such would be the aspect of all these scenes of beauty, and all these abodes of pleasure, if exposed continually to the caprice of arbitrary sway.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUNSET.

THE sun has almost finished his daily race, and hastens to the goal. He descends lower and lower, till his chariot-wheels seem to hover on the utmost verge of the sky. What is somewhat remarkable, the orb of light, upon the point of setting, grows considerably broader. The shadows of objects, just before they become blended in undistinguishable darkness, are exceedingly lengthened.—Like blessings, little prized, while possessed; but highly esteemed, the very instant they are prepared for, their flight; bitterly regretted when once they are gone and to be seen no more.

The radiant globe is, now, half immersed beneath the dusky earth. Or, as the ancient poets speak, is shooting into the ocean, and sinks into the western sea. And could I view the sea, at this juncture, it would yield a most amusing and curious spectacle. The rays, striking horizontally on the liquid element; give it the appearance of floating glass; or reflected in many a different direction, from a beautiful multiplicity of colours.—A stranger, as he walks along the sandy beach, and, lost in pensive attention, listens to the murmurings of the restless flood, is agreeably alarmed by the gay

decorations of the surface. With entertainment, and with wonder, he sees the curling waves here glistening with white, there glowing with purple; in one place, wearing an azure tincture, in another, glancing a cast of undulating green; in the whole, exhibiting a piece of fluid scenery, that may vie with yonder pencil tapistries, though wrought in the loom, and tinged with the dyes of heaven.



THE APPEARANCE OF NATURE AFTER SUN-SET.

THE great luminary is sunk beneath the horizon, and totally disappears. The whole face of the ground is overspread with shades, or with, what one of the finest painters of nature calls, a *dun obscurity*. Only a few very superior eminences are tipped with streaming silver. The tops of groves, and lofty towers, catch the last smiles of day, are still irradiated by the departing beams. But O! how transient is the distinction! how momentary the gift! like all the blessings, which mortals enjoy below, it is gone, almost as soon as granted. See! how languishingly it trembles on the leafy spire;

and glimmers, with a dying faintness, on the mountain's brow. The little vivacity that remains, decays every moment. It can no longer hold its station. While I speak, it expires; and resigns the world to the gradual approaches of night.

Every object, a little while ago, glared with light; but now, all appears under a more qualified lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation; and what was gay in those, as well as glittering in this, gives place to an universal gravity. In the meadows, all was jocund and sportive; but now the gamesome lambs are grown weary of their frolicks, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. In the branches, all was sprightliness and song; but now the lively green is wrapt in the descending glooms, and no tuneful airs are heard, only the plaintive stock-dove, cooing mournfully through the grove.

INTERESTING REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSE
OF DAY.

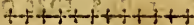
SHOULD I now be vain and trifling, the
Heavens and the earth would rebuke my.

unseasonable levity. Therefore, be these moments devoted to thoughts, sedate, as the closing day, solemn, as the face of things. And, indeed, however my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantries; let every evening, in her sable habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Nothing can be more proper for a person who walks on the borders of eternity, and is hastening continually to his final audit; nothing more proper than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of business, in order to consider and adjust "the things that belong to his peace."

THE COOLNESS OF EVENING TWILIGHT,
AND ITS BENEFITS.

AFTER all the ardors of the sultry day, how reviving is this coolness!—This gives new verdure to the fading plants; new vivacity to the withering flowers; and a more exquisite fragrance to their mingled scents.—By this, the air also receives a new force, and is qualified to exert itself with greater activity.—This I might call the grand alembec of nature, which distils her

most sovereign cordial, the refreshing dews. Incessant heat would rob us of their beneficial agency, and oblige them to evaporate in imperceptible exhalations. Turbulent winds, or even the gentler motions of Aurora's fan, would dissipate the rising vapours, and not suffer them to form a coalition.— But, favoured by the stillness, and condensed by the coolness of the night, they unite in pearly drops, create that finely tempered humidity, which cheers the vegetable world, as sleep exhilarates the animal.



THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE.

THE world is a troubled ocean; and who can erect stable purposes, on its fluctuating waves? The world is a school of wrong, and who does not feel himself warping to its penicious influences? on this sea of glass, how insensibly we slide from our own steadfastness! some sacred truth, which was struck in lively characters on our souls, is obscured, if not obliterated. Some worthy resolution, which heaven had wrought in our breasts, is shaken if not overthrown. Some enticing vanity; which we had solemnly renounced, again practises its wiles, a-

gain captivates our affections. How often has an unwary glance kindled a fever of irregular desire in our hearts? how often has a word of applause dropt luscious poison into our ears; or some disrespectful expression raised a gust of passion into our bosoms? our innocence is of so tender a constitution, that it suffers in the promiscuous croud. Our purity is of so delicate a complexion, that it scarce touches on the world, without contracting a stain. We see, we hear, with peril.

But here safety dwells. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is secluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The busy swarm of vain images, and cajoling temptations which beset us, with a buzzing importunity, amidst the gaities of life, are chased by these thickening shades.—Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn the best of sciences, to know myself. Here the soul may rally her dissipated powers, and grace recover its native energy.—This is the opportunity to rectify every evil impression, to expel the poison, and guard against the contagion of corrupting examples. This is the place where I may, with advantage, apply myself to subdue the rebel within, and be master, not of a sceptre,

but of myself.—Throng then, ye ambitious, the levees of the powerful; I will be punctual in my assignations with solitude. To a mind intent upon its own improvement, solitude has charms incomparably more engaging than the entertainments presented in the theatre, or the honours conferred in the drawing room.

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

WHEN sickness has drawn a veil over the gaiety of our hearts, when misfortunes have eclipsed the splendor of our outward circumstances, how many important convictions present themselves with the brightest evidence! Under the sunshine of prosperity, they lay undiscovered; but, when some intervening cloud has darkened the scene, they emerge from their obscurity, and even glitter upon our minds. Then the world, that delusive cheat, confesses her emptiness: but Jesus, the bright and morning star, beams forth with inimitable lustre. Then, vice loses all her fallacious allurements; that painted strumpet is horrible as the hags of hell; but virtue, despised virtue, gains loveliness from a louring

providence, and treads the shades with more than mortal charms. May this reconcile me, and all the sons of sorrow, to our appointed share of suffering; if tribulation tend to dissipate the inward darkness, and pour heavenly dew upon our minds; welcome distress, welcome disappointment, welcome whatever our froward flesh or peevish passions, would *miscall* calamities. *These light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall sit easy upon our spirits, since they befriend our knowledge, promote our faith—and so, “work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”*

monitions

DARKNESS AND LIGHT CONTRASTED.

HOW has this darkness snatched every splendid and graceful object from my sight! It has dashed the sponge over the pictures of spring, and destroyed all the delicate distinctions of things. Where are now the fine tinges, which so lately charmed me from the glowing parterre? The blush is struck out from the cheeks of the rose; and the snowy hue is dropt from the lily. I cast my eyes towards a magnificent seat; but the aspiring columns, and fair expanded front, are mingled in rude confusion. Without

the sun, all the elegance of the blooming world, is a *mere blank*; all the symetry of architecture, is a *shapeless heap*.



THE WORKINGS OF FANCY IN SLEEP.

FANCY, extravagant fancy, leads the mind through a maze of vanity. The head is crowded with false images, and tantalized with the most ridiculous misapprehensions of things. Some are expatiating amidst fairy fields, and gathering garlands of visionary bliss; while their bodies are stretched on a wisp of straw, and sheltered by the cobwebs of a barn. Others, quite insensible of their rooms of state, are mourning in a doleful dungeon, or struggling with the raging billows. Perhaps with hasty steps, they climb the craggy cliff, and, with real anxiety, fly from the imaginary danger—or else, benumbed with sudden fear, and finding themselves unable to escape, they give up at once their hopes, and their efforts; and though, reclined on a couch of ivory, are sinking, all helpless and distressed, in the furious whirlpool.

AN ADDRESS TO THE VOTARIES OF
MIRTH.

O T H A T the votaries of mirth, whose life is a continued round of merriment and whim, would bestow one serious reflection on the variety of human woes ! It might teach them to be less enamoured with the few languid sweets that are thinly scattered through this vale of tears, and environed with such a multitude of ragged thorns. It might teach them no longer to dance away their years with a giddy rambling impulse, but to aspire with a determined aim, after those happy regions, where delights, abundant and unembittered, flow.

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THE FOLLY OF THE ADVOCATES FOR VICE
AND SENSUALITY.

SOME are prostituting their reputation, and sacrificing their peace, to the gratification of their lusts ; sapping the foundation of their health, in debaucheries ; or shipwrecking the interests of their families in their bowls. And, what is worse, are forfeiting the joys of an eternal heaven, for the

frail satisfactions of the beast ; for the transitory sensations of an hour. Ye slaves of appetite, how far am I from envying your gross sensualities, and voluptuous revels ! little, ah ! little are you sensible, that, while indulgence showers her roses, and luxury diffuses her odours, they scatter poisons also, and shed unheeded bane. Evils, incomparably more malignant than the wormwood and gall of the sharpest affliction.—Since death is in the drunkard's cup, and worse than poignards in the harlot's embrace.

THE PROPER SPHERE OF REASON.

I AM far from decrying that noble faculty of reason, when exerted in her proper sphere ; when acting in a *deferential subordination* to the revealed will of Heaven. While she exercises her powers within these appointed limits, she is unspeakably serviceable, and cannot be too industriously cultivated. But when she sets up herself in *proud contradistinction* to the sacred oracles ; when, all-arrogant and self-sufficient, she says to the word of scripture *I have no need of thee* : she is then, I must be bold to main-

tain, not only a glow-worm, but an *ignis fatuus*, not only a bubble, but a snare.

THE TENDENCY OF NOVELS, ROMANCES
AND THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

THE generality of our modern romances, novels and theatrical entertainments, are commonly calculated to inflame a wanton fancy. Or, if conducted with so much modesty, as not to debauch the affections; they pervert the judgment, and bewilder the taste. By their incredible adventures, their extravagant parade of gallantry, and their characters, widely different from truth and nature, they inspire foolish conceits, beget idle expectations, introduce a disgust of genuine history, and indispose their admirers to acquiesce in the *decent* civilities, or to relish the *sober* satisfactions of common life.

A VIEW OF RURAL NATURE BY MOON-
LIGHT.

NOW the moon is risen, and has collected all her beams, the veil is taken off from the countenance of nature. I see the recumbent flocks; I see the green hedges, though without the feathered choristers, hopping from spray to spray. In short, I see once again the world's great picture; not indeed in its late lively colours, but more *delicately shaded*, and arrayed in *softer charms*.

What a *majestic scene* is here! the moon, like an immense crystal lamp, pendent in the magnificent ceiling of the heavens.—The stars, like so many thousands of golden tapers, fixed in their azure sockets. All pouring their lustre on spacious cities, and lofty mountains, glittering on the ocean, gleaming on the forest, and opening a prospect, wide as the eye can glance, more various than fancy can paint.

THE BENEFITS OF MOONLIGHT.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, this auspicious gift of Providence, to enliven the nocturnal gloom; and line with silver the raven-coloured mantle of night! How desirable to have our summer evenings illuminated! that we may be able to tread the dewy meads, and breathe the delicious fragrance of our gardens; especially when the sultry heats render it irksome and fatiguing, to walk a broad by day.—How cheering to the shepherd, the use of this universal lantern; as he tends his fleecy charge, or late consigns them to their hurdled cots! How comfortable and how advantageous to the mariner, as he ploughs the midnight main, to adjust the tackling, to explore his way, and, under the influence of this beaming scone, to avoid the fatal rock! This celestial attendant is most *exactly punctual*, at all the stated periods of her ministration. If we choose to prolong our journey, after the sun is gone down, the moon, during her whole increase, is always ready to act in the capacity of a guide. If we are inclined to set out very early in the morning; the moon in her decrease prevents the dawn, on purpose to offer her assistance. And because it is so pleasant a thing, for the eyes to behold the light, the moon at her full, by a course

of unintermitted waiting, gives us, as it were, a double day.

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A WALK BY MOONLIGHT, WITH THE EFFECTS OF NOCTURNAL DARKNESS ON RURAL SCENES.

I EXCHANGE the nice retreats of art for the noble theatre of nature. Instead of measuring my steps, under the covert of an arbour, let me range along the summit of this gently rising hill. There is no need of the leafy shade, since the sun has quitted the horizon, and withdrawn his scorching beams. But see how advantages and inconveniencies are usually linked, and chequer our affairs below ! if the annoying heat ceases, the landscape, and its pleasing scenes, are also removed. The majestic castle, and the lowly cottage, are vanished together. I have lost the aspiring mountain, and its russet brow ; I look round, but to no purpose, for the humble vale and its flowery lap. The plains, whitened with flocks, and the heath yellow with furze, disappear. The advancing night has wrapt in darkness the long extended forest, and drawn her mantle over the winding of the silver stream.

A VIEW OF THE STARRY HEAVENS.

HERE I enjoy a free view of the whole hemisphere, without any obstacle from below to confine the exploring eye, or any cloud from above, to overcast the spacious concave. 'Tis true; the lively vermilion, which so lately streaked the chambers of the west, is all faded. But the planets, one after another, light up their lamps; the stars advance in their glittering train; a thousand and a thousand luminaries launch forth in successive splendors; and the whole firmament is kindling into the most beautiful glow. The blueness of the æther, heightened by the season of the year, and still more enlivened by the absence of the moon, gives those gems of heaven the strongest lustre.



A DESCRIPTION OF A FROSTY NIGHT AND MORNING.

THE sober evening advances to close the short-lived day. The firmament, clear and un sullied puts on its brightest blue. The stars, in thronging multitudes, and with a peculiar brilliancy, glitter through

the fair expanse. While the frost pours its subtle and penetrating influence all around. Sharp and intensely severe, all the long night the rigid æther continues its operations. When, late and slow, the morning opens her pale eye, in what a curious and amusing disguise is nature dressed! the icicles, jagged and uneven, are pendent on the houses. A whitish film incrusts the windows, where mimic landscapes rise, and fancied figures swell. The fruitful fields, are hardened to iron; the moistened meadows are congealed to marble; and both resound (an effect unknown before) with the peasant's hasty tread. The stream is arrested in its career, and its overflowing surface chained to the banks. The fluid paths become a solid road, where the finny shoals were wont to rove, the sportive youth slide, or the rattling chariots roll.

THE EFFECTS OF FROST ON NATURE, WITH
MORAL REFLECTIONS.

THE air is all serenity. Refined by the nitrous particles, it affords the most distinct views and extensive prospects. The seeds of infection are killed, and the pestilence destroyed even in embryo. So the cold of affliction tends to mortify our corruptions, and subdue our vicious habits.—The crowding atmosphere, constricts our bodies, and braces our nerves. The spirits are buoyant, and fall briskly on the execution of their office. Now, none loiters in his path; none is seen with folded arms. All is in motion; all is activity. Choice, prompted by the weather, supplies the spur of necessity. Thus, the rugged school of misfortune often trains up the mind to a vigorous exertion of its faculties. The bleak climate of adversity often inspirits us with a manly resolution. When a soft and downy affluence, perhaps, would have relaxed all the general spring of the soul, and have left it enervated with pleasure, or dissolved in indolence.

FROSTY WINDS, AND THEIR BANEFUL IN-
FLUENCES.

COLD cometh out of the north. The winds having swept those desarts of snow, arm themselves with millions of frozen particles, and make a fierce descent upon our isle. Under black and scowling clouds, they drive dreadfully whizzing through the darkened air. They growl around our houses; assault our doors, and, eager for entrance, fasten on our windows. Walls can scarce restrain them, bars are unable to exclude them; through every cranny they force their way. Ice is on their wings; they scatter agues through the land; and winter, all winter, rages as they go. Their breath is as a searing iron to the little verdure, left in the plains. Vastly more pernicious to the tender plants than the sharpest knife; they kill their branches, and wound the very root.

A SHOWER OF HAIL DESCRIBED.

IF the snow composes the light-armed troops of the sky, methinks the hail con-

stitutes its heavy artillery. When driven by a vehement wind, with what dreadful impetuosity does that stony shower fall ! how it rebounds from that frozen ground, and rattles on the resounding dome ! It attenuates the rivers into smoke, or scourges them into foam. It crushes the infant flowers ; cuts in pieces the gardiner's early plants, and batters the feeble fortification of his glasses into shivers. It darts into the traveller's face : he turns, with haste, from the stroke ; or feels on his cheek, for the gushing blood. If he would retreat into the house, it follows him even thither ; and, like a determined enemy that pushes the pursuit, dashes through the crackling panes.

DESCRIPTION OF A RAINBOW.

BEHOLD a bow of no hostile intention ! a bow painted in variegated colours on the disburdened cloud. How vast is the extent, how delicate the texture of that showery arch ! it compasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and teaches us to forget the horrors of the storm. Elegant its form, and rich its texture ; but more delightful its sacred significancy. While the vio-

let and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes, in radiant dyes, what the angels sung in harmonious strains ; “ peace on earth good will towards men.” It is the stamp of insurance, for the continuance of seedtime and harvest ; for the preservation and security of the visible world.



THE
ONLY METHOD OF REFORMING SINNERS.

IF ever a reformation is produced, it must, under the influences of the eternal Spirit, be produced by the doctrines of free grace, and justification through a Redeemer's righteousness. Till these doctrines are generally inculcated, the most eloquent harangues from the pulpit, or the most correct dissertations from the press, will be no better than a pointless arrow and a broken bow.

TOO TRUE, A PICTURE OF THE PRESENT
AGE.

IF indolence, avarice, and venality ; if pleasure, luxury, and prodigality ; if youth without principles, tradesmen without honesty, and nobles without honour ; if these are allowed to be, either provoking immoralities, or fatal symptoms, I fear the ruin of England cannot be far off.



CHRIST COMPARED TO RIVERS OF WATER.

IN a dry place, burnt up for want of moisture, nothing is so desirable, nothing so refreshing as water. To the poor sinful soul, of whose condition the parched ground is a fit resemblance, Christ shall be, not barely as the morning dew, not barely as the transient shower, but as a river ; yea, as rivers of water, that flow in copious and never failing streams through the thirsty soil. Making even the sandy desert, green with herbage, and gay with flowers.

THE SECURITY OF BELIEVERS IN JESUS.

SHOULD ye be pursued by a conquering foe, determined to cut you in pieces, if you turned into a castle, whose walls were stronger than brass, stronger than adamant, stronger than all the rocks in the world, you might laugh at the attempts of your enemy. You are free from the power of the sword. So free are you, and abundantly more free from danger, when you fly to the strong hold of Christ's death and atonement.



THE DANGER OF COVETOUSNESS AND PRODIGALITY.

IF riches have been your idol, hoarded up in your coffers, or lavished out upon yourselves ; they will when the day of reckoning comes, be like the garment of pitch and brimstone, put upon the criminal condemned to the flames.

THE BENEFITS OF CHRIST'S REDEMPTION.

FEAR *not*, says the Lord, *for I have Redeemed thee*, Isaiah, xliii, 1. Redemption by Christ is a preservative from all terror, and an antidote against every evil. When this blood is sprinkled, sin is done away, and God is appeased; his promises are your portion, and his arm is your defence.



THE NECESSITY OF PRAYER, AND THE PRACTICE OF IT URGED ON ALL.

ALAS! how many of those, whom we call Christians, are strangers to prayer! how many servants rise to their work, and never bend a knee before their master in heaven! how many masters set their servants an ungodly example! enter upon the affairs of the day, without imploring the God of all grace either to prosper their business, or to sanctify their souls! how many parents know not what it is, to make earnest supplications for the conversion and salvation of their children, how many children are as ignorant of the nature, the necessity, the advantages of prayer, "as the wild ass's colt." Job, xi,

A TIMELY WARNING TO THOUGHTLESS
SINNERS.

IF this building was rocking over your heads and tottering on every side ; if the beams were bursting, and the walls cleaving ; you would be struck with astonishment. And how is it, that you are under no apprehensions, when the indignation of an Almighty God is ready to fall upon you, and (worse than ten thousand falling millstones) grind you to powder ?



ALL THE PERFECTIONS OF DEITY HARMON-
IZE IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

HERE, Justice has set her most awful terrors in array ; even while goodness appears, with inexpressible loveliness, and the most attractive beauty. Here truth, more unshaken than a rock, takes her immoveable stand ; and mercy, tenderer than the mother's tears, yearns with bowels of everlasting pity.—In a word, the cross of Christ is a conspicuous theatre on which all the divine perfections unite and harmonize, and shine forth with transcendent lustre.

THE NATURE AND EFFECT OF FAITH IN JESUS.

THIS is a foundation of the sublimest hope, and a fountain of the most exuberant joy. This affords matter for the deepest humility, and yields fuel for the most flaming love. Faith in our crucified Jesus, is an ever-active principle of the most cheerful and exact obedience : is an ample and inexhaustible magazine, from which we may fetch arms to conquer ; absolutely conquer, the allurements of the world, the solicitations of the flesh, and the temptations of the devil.

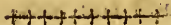


THE HAPPY INFLUENCES OF THE LOVE OF GOD.

A SENSE of his immensely rich goodness shall win your affections ; shall incline (what all the threatenings of damnation could never effect,) shall incline you to loath your sins, and to love his service ; shall smoothe your path, and expedite your progress to the regions of immortal honour and joy.

JESUS CHRIST WORTHY OF OUR HIGHEST
REGARD.

WHO is more worthy of our choicest thoughts, affections, and honors, than that divinely compassionate Saviour, who offered himself, in the very prime of his life, a bleeding victim for our sins, that his sacrifice might have every recommending circumstance which could render it acceptable to God: and available for man?

THE HAPPINESS, AND EMPLOYMENT OF THE
SAINTS ABOVE.

THOSE happy beings, who stand around the throne, cloathed with white robes, serve their God day and night, for ever, in his temple. In the regions of immortality they find a heaven; because there they have a never-ceasing and eternal communion with God; because there they have an uninterrupted and everlasting Sabbath.

THE CONTENTS OF THE BIBLE HELD OUT
AND RECOMMENDED.

I MIGHT recount the glorious privileges, exhibited in this blessed book; the inestimable promises, made to the righteous; the tenderly compassionate invitations, addressed to sinners; the refined and exalted displays of morality; with many other noble particulars—which is the prerogative of scripture to contain—the wisdom of mankind to believe—and the only felicity of our nature to be interested in, and influenced by them.

GOD'S METHOD OF DEALING WITH MAN.

GOD, to shew his utter detestation of all iniquity; to manifest his singular delight in all virtue; frequently takes occasion to denounce vengeance, or promise happiness, when some notorious evil is committed, or some laudable good performed.

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

WE are taught in scripture, that the Almighty chastens whom he loves; and scourges the men whom he receiveth to himself. Adversity is a school, in which both private persons and public societies have learned the most heroic virtues.



NATURE AND DIVINE REVELATION SOME
WHAT ALIKE.

THE pages of scripture, like the productions of nature, will not only endure the test, but improve upon the trial. The application of the microscope to the one, and a repeated meditation on the other, are sure to display new beauties, and present us with higher attractives.

THE LOVE OF GOD THE END OF ALL RELIGION.

THE love of God, that supremely glorious, and supremely gracious Being, is of all other tempers, the most delightful and divine. A sacred flower, which its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven. To plant this noble principle in the breast, to cultivate its growth, and bring it to maturity, is the grand end of all religion, and the genuine fruit of faith unfeigned.

THE WORKS OF REDEMPTION TOO GREAT FOR ANGELS.

THE angels were absolutely incapable of executing so great a work. It required a far abler agent to negotiate our reconciliation. It must cost incomparably more, to redeem guilty souls. Therefore the God of our salvation "laid the help upon one that is mighty." He appointed, to the most momentous of all offices, the most illustrious of all beings,

THE WORK OF GOSPEL MINISTERS.

AS you are all, by nature, in bondage to sin, our business is, to take you by the hand, and lead you out of this ignominious slavery, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God; while the spirit of the most High breaks off your shackles, and makes you free indeed.—What manna can be more refreshing than such a message? what balm more healing than such a service?

GOOD WORKS ABSOLUTELY INSUFFICIENT
TO SAVE MANKIND.

GOD has not reconciled the world to himself by their own pious practices, but by his son Jesus Christ.—Can your charitable deeds expiate your innumerable offences? As soon may a single drop of pure water correct and sweeten the unfathomable brine of the ocean. Can your defective performances satisfy the demands of a perfect law, or your wandering devotions screen you from the displeasure of an injured God? As well may your uplifted hand eclipse the sun, or intercept the lightning when it darts through the bursting cloud.

ON THE
Religious Education
OF
DAUGHTERS.

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*Train up a child in the way he should go, and  
when he is old he will not depart from it.*  
Proverbs, xxii. 6.

IT has long been a prevailing report, that, among persons of education and distinction, true religion is very rare. This, I would hope, is an invidious rumour, rather than a true representation of the case. May it not be an artifice of the grand enemy? calculated to bring the best and noblest of causes into disrepute: as though politeness and piety were inconsistent: as though grace and good-breeding were irreconcilable.— Is then the faith of Christ quite fatal to refin-

ed manners? as the rod of Moses was to the counterfeit miracles of the magicians. No; it is rather like the influence of the sanctuary on the rod of Aaron: which, while it remained at a distance from the tabernacle, was a dry, sapless and barren stick; but, when deposited before the ark, was quickened into vegetable light, was adorned with a milk-white bloom, and enriched with full grown fruit; or as the sacred historian expresses this surprising fact, "It brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." *Numb. xxii. 6.*

I find, upon the list of saints, the most renowned kings, and victorious generals, the ablest politicians, and the greatest philosophers men that have bid the sun stand still, and prolong the parting day; have laid an embargo upon darkness; and protracted the shades of night; have commanded the ground to cleave asunder, and transmit their presumptuous foes to a strange and inevitable destruction; have divided the impetuous waves, and led their followers to safety and to conquest through the depths of the sea. Men who have walked in the burning fiery furnace, as under the shelter of an embowering arbour; and sat in the lions den, amidst a herd of hungry monsters, with as much serenity, and as much security, as amidst a circle of bosom-friends.



I myself have known various persons, admired for their accomplished behaviour, and revered for their exalted station, who have thought it their highest honour to be servants of Jesus Christ. My excellent friend Camillus, at whose house I now reside, is one of the number. I cannot refrain from giving a portrait of Camillus; or rather of a few of his most distinguishing features: for, to paint him in full proportion, as he daily appears, in all the mild, the benign majesty of domestic authority, parental government, and Christian zeal—To do this, would require a much abler hand than mine.

Camillus, not long ago, entertained in his house a young clergyman, who was always treated with a respect suitable to the dignity of his office, and the piety of his behaviour. Having lately presented the worthy ecclesiastic to a living, and always requiring residence on the benefice, he is now destitute of a chaplain. Remembering, however, that all Christians are spiritual priests; he thinks it no dishonour to have an immediate and personal audience with the King of Heaven; not acting at all out of character to represent the wants of his household, with his own mouth, at the throne of grace.

Before supper is introduced, the evening

incense ascends. This rather than a later hour, is pitched upon, that the little congregation may join in the sacred service, with a lively devotion. After a plentiful meal, when the limbs are weary, people, even though kneeling, and in the presence of God, are more inclined to nod, than to pour out their souls; are very apt to mistake the cushion for a pillow.—No servant is allowed to be absent, one only excepted, whose presence in the kitchen is absolutely necessary. Acquainted with their master's resolution, they are careful, so to manage their affairs, and dispatch their business, that no unavoidable obstacle may intervene to detain them from the stated worship.

When all are assembled, without either tumultuous disorder in their approach, or a slovenly negligence in their apparel, a chapter is read. Camillus makes the choice.—He imagines it not so useful for his family, whose memories are weak, and their capacities scanty, to read the lesson for the day.—He has, therefore, selected some of the most instructive and animating portions of scripture, and judges it adviseable to peruse these again and again, rather than to go regularly through the whole inspired writings.—The servants take it by turns to read, which improves them in the practice, and keeps them awake. If any of them discovers a disposi-

tion to sleep, to him the office is sure to be assigned.

When the chapter is finished, Camillus singles out some one verse, of very weighty and edifying import, which, for the space of five or six minutes, he explains, applies, and affectionately urges upon their consciences. This done, with great seriousness and profound reverence, he offers up evening prayers. His prayers consists of short sentences, and the whole is performed in a little time. Every part is pronounced with that deliberate slowness and solemn accent, which command attention and create awe. He makes a very perceivable pause at the close of each petition, that every one may have leisure to add, in silence, a hearty amen; and to recollect the merits of that blessed Redeemer, which render every thanksgiving acceptable, and every supplication successful.

In the morning, before breakfast, the worship of the living God is renewed. At this juncture Camillus omits the chapter, but requires one of his domestics to repeat the verse on which he enlarged the preceeding night. None knows which shall be called to this task, therefore every one is obliged to be properly prepared. He throws the substance of his exhortation into a few searching and interesting questions, which he ad-

dresses to one of his children or servants— for, in this respect, no difference is made.— All are equally enjoined to remember. Sometimes he encourages those whose answers shew that they have given diligent heed to his instructions. Sometimes he puts on an air of severity, mixed with tenderness, and reproves the notorically negligent. Always he re-inculcates the principal points, charging them to retain the doctrines in their memory, and revolve them in their thoughts, while they are pursuing their respective business.— These doctrines are the seed of faith, the root of godliness. Unless these be lodged in the mind, and operate on the heart, he never expects to have his domestics commence true believers, or real Christians. No more than the husbandman can reasonably expect a crop in harvest without sowing his field, or the florist promise himself a blow of tulips, without planting his parterre.

I have given a glimpse of Camillus at the head of his family; let me now shew my favourite in another attitude.— Camillus is convinced that no trust is of superior or of equal importance to the tuitionary cultivation of an immortal soul. As providence has blessed him with two fine daughters, their present and future happiness is the reigning object of his care. He has no interest so much at heart as to give them a truly refined education, such as may render them an orna-



ment and a blessing to society, while they pass the time of thier sojourning here below, and may train them up for a state of everlasting bliss, when the world and its transitory scenes shall be no more.

Camilius never could persuade himself to admire the maxims of prudence said to be gathered from the extravagant rant of our tragedies; and less is his esteem for those modest dispositions, which people pretend to imbibe from the luscious gallantries of comedy; for which reason he has no impatient desire to secure for Miss Metissa and Miss Serena a place in the front box.—However, as we are apt immoderately to covet what is absolutely forbidden, he has himself attended them, once or twice, to the theatrical entertainments and public diversions; thinking it much the safest method, that their curiosity should be gratified under his own inspection and hoping to make them sensible how much they endanger their virtue, who too often frequent them; how shamefully they debase their affections, who are passionately fond of them; and what mere phantoms they follow, who seek for satisfaction in such delusory delights.

They learn to dance, in order to require a genteel air, and a graceful demeanor; not to shine at a ball, or win the worthless ad-



miration of fops.—He is content to have them unacquainted with the wild and romantic fables of heathen poetry. Nor is under any painful apprehensions of damping the sprightliness of their temper, though they have no taste for the chimerical adventures of our romances, and are strangers to the loose intrigues of our novels; being fully persuaded, that there is as much sound sense as smartness of thought in that celebrated saying,

“ Retire, and read your bible to be gay :

“ There truths abound of sov’reign aid to peace ”

He has introduced them to the knowledge of history, and its instructive facts. They have a tolerable idea of the four universal monarchies, so eminent for their great events, and so circumstantially foretold in scripture. They have been led through the most remarkable transactions of our own country, and are pretty well acquainted with the present state of Europe. They have all along been taught to observe the wonderful revolutions of empires, and the adorable procedure of Providence; that they may discern how *the fashion of this world passeth away*; and how *happy are the people*, how happy are the persons *who have the LORD* for their god. They have been taught to observe the honourable success that has usually attended the

practice of integrity, guided by prudence; together with the scandal and ruin which have always pursued folly in her senseless rambles, and dogged vice to her horrid haunts! That they may see the rocks on which some have split, and avoid the destructive tract; see the road which has conducted others to the haven of happiness, and steer the same auspicious course.

They have been initiated in geography, and understand the several divisions of the globe; the extent of its principal kingdoms, and the manners of their various inhabitants. They will tell you the peculiar commodities which each climate produces; whence comes the tea that furnishes their breakfast, and whence the sugar that renders it palatable: what mountains supply them with wines, and what islands send them their spices; in what groves the silk-worms spin the materials for their cloaths, and what mines supply them with the diamonds that sparkle in their earrings.—A screen covered with a set of coloured maps, and a custom of referring from the public papers to those beautiful draughts, has rendered the acquisition of this knowledge a diversion rather than a task, has enticed them into a valuable branch of science, under the inviting disguise of amusement. This serves to enlarge their apprehension of things, gives them magnifi-

sent thoughts of the great Creator, and may help to suppress that silly self-admiration, which prompts so many pretty idols to fancy themselves the only considerable creatures under heaven.

They spell to perfection; and have obtained this art by a sort of play, rather than by laborious application. Whenever they asked any little gratification, it has been their papa's custom to make them spell the word, which if they performed aright, they seldom failed to succeed in their request.— They are mistresses of the needle; and the youngest, whose genius inclines that way, is expert in using the pencil. Music is their recreation, not their business. The eldest to a skilful finger, adds a melodious and well regulated voice. She often entertains me with singing an anthem to her harpsichord. Entertains did I say?—she really edifies me. These truly excellent performances exalt the desires, and compose the affections; they inspire such a serenity of delight, as leaves neither a sting on the conscience, nor a stain on the imagination. Methinks they bring us a little antepast of heaven, and tune our souls for its harmonious joys.

Thoroughly versed in the most practical parts of arithmetic, they have each her week, wherein to be intrusted with the manage

ment of a sum of money. This they disburse, as circumstances require, for the smaller necessities of the family. Of this they keep an exact account, and make a regular entry of each particular in their day-book.—Not long ago a tenant of inferior rank came to Camillus with his rent: instead of receiving it himself, he referred him to Miss Serena. You would have been delighted to observe the behaviour of our little landlady on this occasion; the engaging condescension with which she addressed the honest rustic; the tender good-nature with which she enquired after his dame and the family at home; the ready dexterity with which she wrote and subscribed a proper receipt; and, above all, her amiable generosity in returning half a crown to buy a copy-book for his eldest son, who, he said, “was just going into joining hand, but he feared would never come to spell or write half so well as her ladyship.”

Though Camillus is careful to ground them betimes in the rules of œconomy, he is equally careful to cultivate a spirit of discreet beneficence. A few days ago, when my friend and his lady were abroad, Miss Metissa was informed of a poor woman in the parish, just brought to bed, after a long and hard labour; who, being unhappily married to a sot of a fellow, was, at a time when the choicest com-



forts were scarcely sufficient, destitute of the meanest conveniences. Upon hearing the calamitous case, she immediately dispatched a servant with a crown from her weekly stock; part to buy for the afflicted creature some present accomodations, and part to defray the expences at such a juncture unavoidable; but gave a strict charge, that the whole should be employed for the relief of the distressed mother and her helpless infant, none of it fingered or enjoyed by the worthless drone her husband. When Camillus returned, he was so pleased with this seasonable and well judged charity, that, besides his commendation and careffes, he farther rewarded our considerate and matron like benefactress, by making her a present of Clarissa; for he always contrives to make what tends to their improvement, the matter of their reward. If they have committed a fault, they are forbid the priveledge of using their maps. If they have behaved in a becoming manner, their recompence is, not a peice of money, or a paper of sweet-meats, but some new instruction on the globe, some new lesson on the harpsichord, which may at once delight and improve them.

To prevent a haughty carriage, and to worm out all inordinate self-love, he teaches them to consider their neighbours as members of the same universal family, and chil-



children of the same Almighty Father. However poor in their circumstances, or mean in their aspect, they are the objects of God's infinitely tender regards.—Of that God, who has given his own Son to suffer death for their pardon, and has prepared a heaven of endless bliss for their final reception; for which reason they should despise none, but honour all; should be as ready to do them good, as the hand is ready to soothe the eye when it smarts, or ease the head when it aches. One afternoon, when he was going to treat them with an orange, he bid each of them bring a fine toy, lately received for a present. It was made in the shape of a knife, the handle of ivory and inlaid with the gayest colours; the blade of glass most dazzlingly bright, but without an edge. “Cut the orange in two,” said their papa. When they both tried with their pretty knives, and, to their no small mortification, both failed. He furnished them with another of more ordinary appearance, but tolerably sharp. With this they easily pierced the rind, and came at the delicious juice. “Who now,” said Camillus, “would not prefer one such serviceable, though plain utensil, to a hundred of those glittering, but worthless trifles? and you, my dear children, if you have no other recommendations than a shewy person, and the trappings of dress, you will be as contemptible in your generation as that insignificant

bauble. But, if it is the desire of your hearts and the endeavour of your lives, to be extensively useful, you will gain, and what is better, you will deserve respect ; your names will be precious, and your memories blessed.

With equal watchfulness he discountenances all those acts of petulant barbarity, which children are so apt to exercise on the reptile creation. He will allow no court of inquisition to be erected within his house; no, not upon the most despicable, or even the noxious animals. The very nuisances that are endued with life, he thinks should be dispatched, not with a lingering butchery but with a merciful expedition. To rend in pieces a poor fly, and feast their eyes with the mangled limbs, shivering and convulsed in the pangs of death ; to impale a wretched insect on the needle or bodkin ; and, what is still more shocking, to take pleasure in hearing its passionate moan, and seeing its agonizing struggles: such practices he absolutely forbids, as insufferable violations of nature's law. Such as tend to extinguish the soft emotions of pity, and inure the mind to a habit of inhumanity.—He often informs his lovely pupils, that every living creature is sensible of pain ; that none can be abused in this cruel manner, without suffering very exquisite misery. To turn their torments into pastime, and make sport

with their anguish, is a rigour more than tyrannical, worse than brutal ; is the very reverse of that benign Providence, whose *tender mercies are over ALL his works.*

He proposes to give them a taste of natural philosophy, and to accomodate them with the best microscopes ; that the use of *these* instruments, and a spice of *that* knowledge, may inspire them with an early admiration of nature's works, and with the deepest veneration of nature's almighty Author. Camillus has no design to finish a couple of female philosophers, or to divert their attention from those domestic arts, which are the truest accomplishments of the sex : -yet neither would he have his daughters debarred from that rational and exalted delight, which is to be found in contemplating the curiosities of the great Creator's cabinet. Why may they not, without departing from their *own*, or encroaching on the *masculine* character, why may they not be acquainted with the accurately nice structure of an animal ; or with the process and effects of vegetation ? why may they not learn the admirable operations of the air, or the wonderful properties of the water ? have some general notion of the immense magnitudes, the prodigious distances, and the still more amazing revolutions of the heavenly orbs ? he apprehends it very

practicable to conduct an entertainment with dignity, and order a family with propriety, even while they retain some tolerable idea of these magnificent laws which regulate the system of the universe.

The microscope, whenever they are inclined to amuse themselves, will shew them a profusion of splendid ornaments, in some of the most common and contemptible objects. It will shew them gold and embroidery, diamonds and pearl, azure, green, and vermilion, where unassisted eyes behold nothing, but provocatives of their abhorrence. This instrument will shew them the brightest varnish, and the most curious carving, even in the minutest scraps of existence. Far more surprising than the magic feats of the most dexterous juggler, it will treat their sight, not with delusive, but with real wonders. A huge elephant shall stalk, where a puny mite was wont to crawl. Blood shall bound from the beating heart, and eyes sparkle with a lively lustre, limbs shall play the most sprightly motions, or stand composed in the most graceful attitudes, where nothing ordinarily appeared but a confused speck of animated matter.—A tincture of philosophy will be the cosmetic of nature; will render all her scenes lovely, and all her apartments a theatre of diversion: diversions infinitely superior to those dange-

rous delights, which are so apt to inveigle the affections, and debauch the minds of young people.—When philosophy lends her optics, an unclouded morning, beautiful with the rising sun ; a clear night, brilliant with innumerable stars ; will be a more pleasing spectacle, than the gaudiest illuminations of the assembly-room. The melody of birds, and the murmur of fountains; the humming insect, and the sighing gale, will be a higher gratification than the finest airs of an opera. A field covered with corn or a meadow besprinkled with daisies ; a marsh planted with osiers; or a mountain shaded with oaks, will yield a far more agreeable prospect than the most pompous scenes that decorate the stage. Should clouds overcast the heavens, or winter disrobe the flowers ; an inquiry into the causes of these grand vicissitudes, will more than compensate the transitory loss. A discovery of the divine wisdom and goodness, in these seemingly disastrous changes, will impart gaiety to the most gloomy sky, and make the most unornamented seasons smile.

It is for want of such truly elegant and satisfactory amusements, that so many ladies of the first distinction, and finest genius, have no employ for their delicate capacities ; but lose their happiness in flights of caprice, or fits of the vapour ; lose their time in the most



insipid chat, or the most whimsical vagaries ; while thought is a burthen, and reflection, is a drudgery ; solitude fills them with horror and a serious discourse makes them melancholy.

Above all, Camillus is most earnestly desirous to have his tender charge grounded in the principles, and actuated with the spirit of Christianity. No scheme, he is thoroughly persuaded, was ever so wisely calculated to sweeten their tempers, to exalt their affections, and form them to felicity, either in this world, or another. It is therefore his daily endeavour, by the most easy and endearing methods of instruction, to fill their minds with the knowledge of those heavenly doctrines, and win their hearts to the love of that invaluable book in which they are delineated.—He longs to have a sense of God Almighty's goodness impressed on their souls, From this source, under the influences of the sanctifying Spirit, he would derive all the graces and all the duties of godliness. With this view he speaks of the divine Majesty, not only as supereminently great, but as most transcendently possessed of every delightful, every charming excellence. He represents all the comforts they enjoy, and every blessing they receive, as the gifts of his bountiful hand, and as an earnest of unspeakably rich-

er favours. He often reminds them, that whatever their heavenly Father *commands, forbids, inflicts*, proceeds from his overflowing kindness, and is intended for their eternal good, if, by these expedients, he may awaken in their minds an habitual gratitude to their everlasting Benefactor. The actings of which noble principle are not only fruitful in every good work, but productive of the truest satisfaction; somewhat like the fragrant streams of consecrated incense, which, while they honored the great object of devout worship, regaled with their pleasing perfumes.

Nothing is more displeasing to Camillus than the fond flatteries which their injudicious admirers bestow on their shape and complexion, the gracefulness of their carriage, and the vivacity of their wit. He would fain make them sensible that these embellishments are of the lowest value, and most fading nature;—that, if they render their possessors vain and self-conceited, they are far greater blemishes than a hump on the back, a wen in the neck, or stuttering in the speech.—He would have them thoroughly convinced, that, notwithstanding all their silks, diamonds, and other marks of their superior circumstances, they are ignorant, guilty, impotent creatures; blind to truths of the last importance; deserving the

vengeance of eternal fire, and unable of themselves to think a good thought. That, from such convictions, they may perceive their absolute need of a Saviour: a Saviour in all his offices—as a prophet, to teach them heavenly wisdom—as a priest, to atone for all their many, many sins—as a king, to subdue their iniquities, write his laws in their hearts, and make them, in all their conversation, holy.

In short, the point he chiefly labours, is to work in their hearts a deep, an abiding sense, that God is their supreme, their only good; that the blessed Jesus is the rock of their hopes, and the fountain of their salvation: that all their dependence for acquiring the beauties of holiness, and tasting the joys of the sublimest virtue, is to be placed on the Holy Ghost the comforter.—Amidst all these efforts of his own, he never fails to plead that precious promise of our unchangeable Jehovah; *I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring; and they shall grow up in knowledge and grace, as willows by the water-courses.*

A lady of brilliant parts, but no very extraordinary piety, told Camillus, that he would spoil the pretty dears; would extinguish that decent pride, and fondness for pleasure, which are shining qualifications in

an accomplished young lady, which gave her an elevation of sentiment, and a delicacy of taste, greatly superior to the ignoble vulgar.—To whom he replied: “Far from extirpating their passions, I only attempt to turn them into a right channel, and direct them to the worthiest objects. Willing I am that they should have a decent ambition; an ambition, not to catch the the giddy coxcomb’s eye, or be the hackneyed toast of rakes; but to please their parents, to make a husband happy, and to promote the glory of God.—They may entertain a fondness for pleasure; but such pleasure as will ennoble their souls, afford them substantial satisfaction, and prepare them for the fruition of immortal bliss.—Let them be covetous also, if you please, Madam; but covetous of redeeming their time, and of gaining intellectual improvement; covetous of those riches, which no moth can corrupt, nor thief steal, which neither time nor death can destroy.”

In all these instances of parental solicitude, his beloved Emilia takes her constant, her willing share. Contributes her advice in every plan that is concerted, and her hearty concurrence in every expedient that is executed; every expedient for polishing the human jewel, and making their manners as faultless as their forms.—May the God of

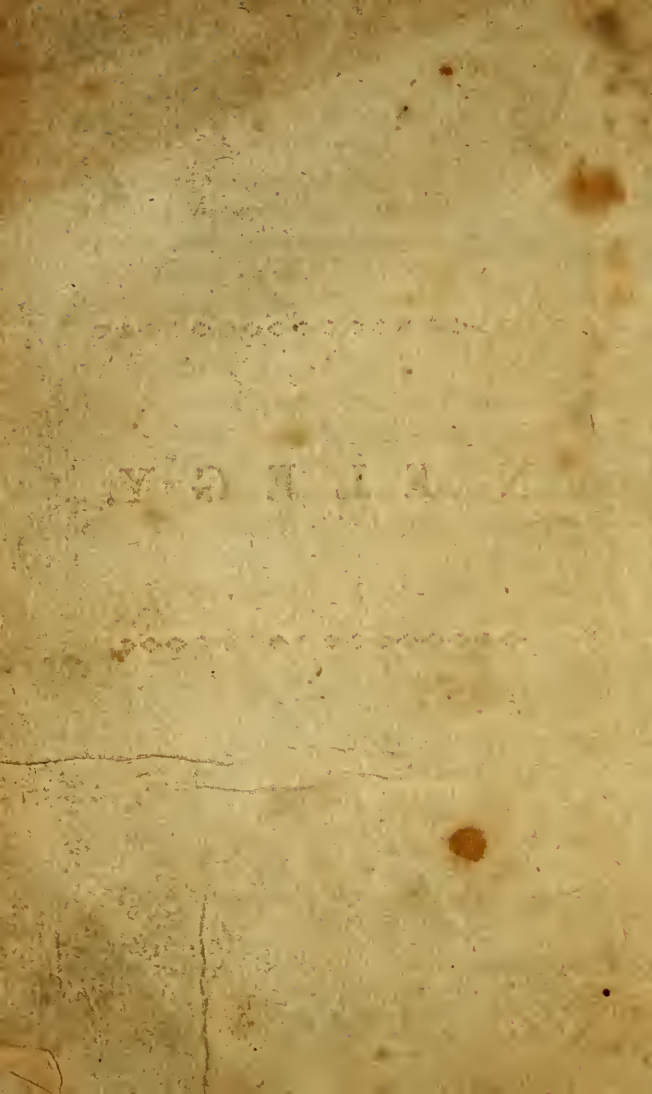
infinite goodness, the sacred source of all perfection prosper their endeavours! that, as the young ladies are adorned in their persons, with native beauty, they may be enriched in their understandings, with refined knowledge, and dignified in their souls with the spirit of the blessed Jesus.—Then, surely, more amiable objects the eye of man cannot behold: more desirable partners the heart of man cannot wish.





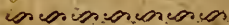
A N E L E G Y.





## E L E G Y

O N T H E L A T E

REVEREND M<sup>R</sup>. JAMES HERVEY, A. M.

## I.

**F**AR from the dwellings of commercial life,  
The toils of bus'ness and the haunts of  
pride;

Alike remov'd from envy, noise and strife,  
*Religion's* patron, Hervey liv'd and died.\*

## II.

Of converse free, instructive and divine,  
Of temper grave, yet innocently gay:

In him did virtue, truth and goodness shine,  
The Christian's riches, and the saints array.

## III.

Behold him preaching to the *serious few* †,  
How fixt th' attention, and how just the  
applause!

How sound his reasonings in the good man's  
view!

His zeal, how fervent in his Master's cause!

\* See his Life.

† This term refers not to the number of his hearers, for he had a very large congregation, but to the *professors of religion* in the general who in comparison with the bulk of mankind, truly are but few.

A N E L E G Y.

IV.

How meek and humble, like his blessed Lord,  
T' advance whose glory was his constant  
aim;

How would he gladly Jesu's love record,  
And boldly spread the honours of his name.

V.

View him alone, within the hallow'd fane\*,  
Sagely conversing with the letter'd floor:  
Where Death, in triumph, registers his slain,  
And titles, wealth and beauty charm no  
more.

VI.

From sculptur'd tombs of every rank and age,  
What useful lessons does he give to all  
Our faith to strengthen, and our hopes en-  
gage,  
While we with patience wait the solemn  
call.

VII.

Behold him walking' midst the flowery race†,  
While birds melodious hail the op'ning  
day;  
How well he paints the wondrous works of  
grace,  
From those of nature which the fields dis-  
play!

\* Meditations among the tombs.

† Meditations in a flower garden.





